Oxford County Advertiser

VOLUME XVIII. { FOR TERMS, See last column, 4th page. } NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1887. { FOR ADVERTISING RATES, See last column, 4th page. } NO. 34.

GEO. P. JONES, NORWAY, Me.
DENTIST.
Dr. C. A. CLARK is with Dr. Jones.

DR. H. H. TUKEY,
—DENTIST.—
127 Main St., (18tf) Norway, Me.

HENRY UPTON, NORWAY, ME.,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Office rear F. Howe's Insurance Office.

BEARCE & STEARNS, NORWAY, ME.,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
H. M. BEARCE. SEWARD S. STEARNS.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN, NORWAY, ME.,
Counselor at Law and Municipal Court Judge,
Pension Papers, etc., requiring an official seal executed.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D., NORWAY, ME.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over S. L. Crockett's Drug Store.

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK,
Main Street, Norway, Me.
Money loaned on good security, at reasonable rates.
Robert Noyes, Pres't. H. M. Bearce, Treas'r.

O. K. YATES, M. D., WEST PARIS, ME.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours from 6 o'clock to 9 a. m. Office at residence.

A. N. FRENCH, M. D., Norway, Me.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence, Old National Bank Block. Office open day and night when not professionally absent. 1y39*

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D., SOUTH PARIS, ME.
Residence and Office at Andrews' House.
Office at head of stairs, room No. 4.

GEORGE W. HAZELTON, M. D., NORWAY, ME.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence, No. 5 Cottage St., near Beal's Hotel. Office hours, 12 to 2 & 7 to 9 p. m.

SOLON A. PUTNAM, BOSTON, MASS.,
Attorney at Law.
No. 27 Tremont Row. Room 8. 35 1y

G. W. BROWN, M. D., NORWAY, ME.
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office & Residence, 45 Beal Street. 1tf Office Hours: 12 to 2 p. m.
My prices on and after Feb. 20, 1887, will be as follows:—Office calls 50 cents, visits in the village 75 cents, and twenty cents additional for each mile out.

PARIS HOUSE,
Opposite Grand Trunk Depot,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.
L. W. JACKSON, Jr., Proprietor.
Free Carriage to any part of the village or the guests of the House. 5tf

FRED L. MILLETT,
Manufacturer of & dealer in Every Variety of
Picture Frames!
Also Paintings, Engravings, Chromos, Panels, Fancy Cabinet Ware, Stereoscopes & Views, Easels, Looking Glasses, Etc.
Ornamental Gold Frames a specialty.
No. 1 Odd Fellows' Block, South Paris, Me.
Frames made to order for the trade and at retail. 22-1y

A. C. JONES,
SMITH AND MACHINIST!
South Paris, Me.
Manufacturer of general machinery, steam engines, mill work, spool machinery & tools, bolts, set screws, taps, dies and drills made and repaired. Sewing, mowing & thrashing machines, pumps of all kinds, presses, guns, pistols, &c., neatly and promptly repaired. Steam and water piping done to order. (1y*)

J. C. BENNETT & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Beef, Pork, Lamb, Sausages,
And MEATS of all kinds,
Norway, Me.

GET YOUR MILK DAILY,
—OF—
BENJAMIN TUCKER'S
MILK CART!
Good Milk and Honest Measure.
If in want of milk, speak to the driver.

J. A. TUELL
DEALER IN
Meats of all Kinds!
NORWAY, - - - - MAINE.
Cash paid for hides and pelts. The Meat cart runs through Norway and So. Paris daily.

A. J. ROWE,
Insurance Broker!
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT INSURANCE IN THE BEST COMPANIES!
At the Post Office. - - Norway, Me.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID
—FOR—
Hides, Woolskins and Calfskins by
C. W. & J. L. PARTRIDGE,
Norway Lake, Me. 31tf

Personal Attention
GIVEN TO
FINE WATCH REPAIRING!
34 Years Experience.
11-tf S. RICHARDS, Jr., So. Paris, Me.

THE ELMS,
Grover & Burnham, Prop's,
BETHEL HILL, - MAINE.
Guests of the House conveyed to and from the depot to the House free of charge. tf

JONATHAN BLAKE,
DEPUTY SHERIFF,
Oxford County - - - Norway, Me.
All business by mail or otherwise, promptly attended to. 2tf

JOHN PIERCE,
—DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry!
SOUTH PARIS and BETHEL, ME.
All kinds of Repair Work a specialty. Full stock of JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, SILVER WARE, Etc. 10tf

Centennial Poem!
In Neat Pamphlet form, Tinted Covers, now ready.
The most attractive and interesting *souvenir* of our Centennial Celebration.
Will be mailed post-paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents. Address
DR. C. L. PIKE, Norway, Me.

PILES - PILES - PILES
German Pile Remedy cures quick without pain, and can be used
Without Fear of Harm
For sale by all Druggists and Medicine dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 25 cents. address,
GEO. H. JONES, Oxford Me., Druggist.

Wool Carding!
Will be done at the Carding Mill, back of Everett's Meat Market, from now till the 15th of November.
Bring your wool in early.
GEO. A. COLE.
Norway, June 17, 1887. 24tf

THE NORWAY BAKERY TEAM.
C. E. RINES, PROPRIETOR.
The team drives through Norway and South Paris village every day. If you want any goods from the cart place the red card in the window where it can be seen.
The cart visits the following places each week: Bolster's Mills, Harrison, North Bridgton, Bridgton, Waterford City and Waterford.
Also West Paris, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills, Bethel, Hunt's Corner and North Waterford.
Also West Sumner, Buckfield, Paris, Minot, Mechanic Falls, Welchville and Oxford.
Bakers' Goods and Confectionery at wholesale from the cart.
Speak To The Driver If in Want.

NORWAY SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M., No. 18., meets in Masonic Hall, Monday evening, on or before full moon. S. R. Knowland, W. M. H. D. Smith, Sec'y.

NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. H. A. Marshall, N. G. A. L. F. Pike, Sec'y.

WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. J. W. Crommett, C. P. T. L. Webb, Scribe.

GRADED MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF MAINE, I. O. O. F. Annual meeting 3d Monday in January. A. S. Kimball, President. A. L. F. Pike, Sec'y.

HARRY RUST POST No. 54, G. A. R., meets in Grange Hall the first Friday evening of each month. D. A. Edwards, Commander; E. B. Houghton, Adj.

RUSTFIELD LODGE, No. 53, I. O. G. T., meets in New Grange Hall every Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock. R. K. Eastman, W. C. T.; Eugene Andrews, W. S.

UNION ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 36, meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. Irving Frost, H. P., H. D. Smith, Secretary.

NORWAY COMMANDERY, No. 247, U. O. G. C., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, the first and third Friday even'gs of each month. Geo. A. Cleaves, N. C.; Lucelia Cummings, H. of R.

HARRY RUST CAMP, S. of V., No. 42, meets in New Grange Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. J. Bumpus, Captain; Edwin C. Thompson, First Seargent.

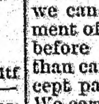
PENNESSEEWASSEE LODGE No. 18, K. of P. meets in their hall, Hathaway Block, every Wednesday evening. Al J. Rowe, C. C., Geo. E. Lasselle, K. of R. & S.

J. T. ROWE,
New Hair Dressing Rooms!
Running 3 Chairs.
TOBACCO AND CIGARS FOR SALE,
Main Street. - - NORWAY, ME.

S. A. STEVENS,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Surveys of all kinds of Mill property, Farms and Timber lots; also, Village lots laid out, Grades and Levels established, and line of streets given.
The Retracing of Old Lines a Specialty.
All lines retraced by Solar Compass from True Meridian.
Plans and Specifications of all kinds of buildings and property, made at short notice. All business promptly attended to.
P. O. Address Lock Box 171, Norway, Me.
We refer with permission to C. E. HOLT, A. S. KIMBALL, BEARCE & STEARNS, and H. UPTON. 3tf

JONES' ROSE CREAM
For Chapped Hands, Sore Lips Sunburn, Tan, Burns, Scalds Salt Rheum
And All Other Skin Diseases.
and as a Toilet Article it has no equal, and, as a Lotion after shaving, Gentlemen will find it very grateful as it allays irritation and protects the face from the weather. Price 50 cents. Ask your Druggist for Jones' Rose Cream and take no other. Prepared only by,
GEO. H. JONES, Apothecary, Oxford, Me.

E. C. WALKER,
VETERINARY PHYSICIAN,
Norway Lake, Me. 1tf
All opperations successfully performed.

Portland & Boston Steamers.

FIRST-CLASS STEAMERS of this
OLD RELIABLE LINE
leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, every evening (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock, arriving in Boston in season for earliest trains for Lowell, Lynn, Waltham, Lawrence, Providence, Worcester, Fall River, Springfield, New York, etc. Through Tickets to Boston at principal R. R. Stations.
J. F. LISCOMB, Gen. Agent.
Sunday trips leave Portland and Boston at 8 p. m.

Still Ahead.
Having lately enlarged our store room, we can give customers a larger assortment of goods to select from than ever before and at prices 30 per cent. lower than can be found in Oxford county, except parties who buy their goods of us. We carry from four to six hundred
CASKETS
of the very latest styles in Velvets, Plushes, Broadcloths, Crape, etc., both black and white. Also, Painted Work, Shields of all kinds, Robes, Boxes, and Handles.
Natural Flowers furnished at the lowest prices; in fact everything needed for burial purposes.
Customers and horses fed, free of charge. Shop open every hour in the year, and Hearses furnished when desired. Yours, very respectfully,
I. W. ANDREWS & SON,
South Woodstock, - - - - Maine.
May 13, 1887. 20tf

Read This!
C. B. ADAMS
KEEPS FIRST-CLASS
GROCERIES!
OF ALL KINDS.
Specialty in Teas, Coffee & Spices.
A Molasses for 35c. that cannot be beat in the county, for the money.
JUST RECEIVED, A
CAR LOAD OF FLOUR
that is good, which he sells for
$5.00 per barrel.
Goods delivered in Norway and South Paris. Team drives to Norway every day, (Sundays excepted.)
Remember the Place, Near
Grand Trunk Depot, SOUTH PARis.

Power Wood Working Shop!
J. P. DUNHAM,
(At Mixer Shop, near depot,)
—IS PREPARED TO BUILD—
HEAVY AND LIGHT
CARRIAGES!
—OF ALL KINDS.—
The Dexter, Queen, & Champion Springs sted. Repair Work done in good shape and at reasonable prices.
SHOP ON Cottage Street. (18tf) Norway, Me.

Agents Wanted!
MEN and *WOMEN* to sell an article that is used in every family. Liberal terms. For particulars call or write to
GEO. W. PIERCE, South Paris, Me.
August 19, 1887. 53tf

WANTED two gentlemen boarders who will room together. Apply to Mrs. CEYLON WATSON, Beal St., Norway, Me. 33tf

M. M. O'CONNOR,
(*Successor to J. H. Linscott*)
—MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN—
Marble AND Granite Memorial Work.
Monuments, Tablets, Curbing, Buttresses, Steps, Building Work, &c., &c.,
Done at short notice and at reasonable prices. Old Marble and Granite cleaned and made to look fresh and new.
Shop opposite Pine Grove Cemetery,
P. O. Box 265. (27) Norway, Me.

C. S. CUMMINGS,
NORWAY. - - - - MAINE.,
HAS THE LARGEST AMOUNT
—OF—
EASY & PATENT ROCKING CHAIRS
Upholstered in Imitation Raw Silk, Hair Cloth, Crushed and Brocaded Plushes and Spun Silk, also a fine line of
RATTAN CHAIRS!
LOUNGES IN PLUSHES, RAW SILK, HAIR CLOTH, TAPESTRY, TAPESTRY VELVET, ETC., ETC.
Children's Chairs,
In variety, also new patterns in
CAMP CHAIRS!
Parlor Sets in Hair Cloth, Brocaded and Crushed Plush, These are all fresh goods which we have and must
Sell. Prices will be the Lowest.
WARRANTED AS
LOW OR LOWER
Than can be Bought in the Cities.
All goods sold will be Delivered Free to any station on the line of the G. T. R.

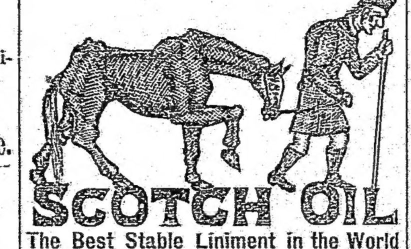
G. W. CHANEY,
PAPER HANGER
—AND—
INTERIOR ✣ DECORATOR!
Ceiling Decorations in Paper put on by plan from any dealer.
Painting Done Promptly.
Agent for Boston Decorating Company. Order Slate at Oxford Book Store. Residence over Judkins' Clothing Store, Norway, Me.
April 15, 1887. 15-4t

Now is the Time.
To lay by a supply of berries for use next Winter, Remember you can get the best Fruit Jars that are in the market at
H. N. BOLSTER'S
Market Square, South Paris.

Farm AT Auction!
Saturday, Sept. 3d, 1887,
At 2 o'clock, P. M.
The Gibson farm which is pleasantly situated on the west shore of the Lake, will be sold at auction at the above time. The farm is three miles from Norway village, and contains about 100 acres of land, divided as follows: Forty acres good tillage land; 30 acres wood land and and 30 acres pasturage;
Fine Set of Buildings
in good repair. Running water in house; plenty of orchard.
All of the farm on the east side of the road will be sold except about 15 acres of pasture.
Terms easy and made known at time of sale.
Persons desirous of buying will be shown over the farm at any time prior to the sale.
J. F. GIBSON, Norway, Me.
GEO. A. COLE, Auctioneer. 32.

ORANGES,
APPLES,
FIGS,
DATES,
RAISINS,
BANANAS
And all kinds of fruit in its season at
G. H. PORTER,
Near Post Office,
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

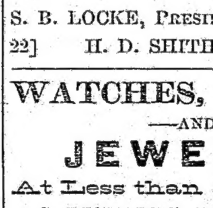
WALTHAM, ELGIN,
Rockford & Hamden
WATCHES!
In Gold, Silver and Filled Cases,
—AT—
HORACE COLE,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
NORWAY, ME.

SCOTCH OIL!
THE BEST
Household Liniment.
For all Lameness, and Soreness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Piles, Chilblains, etc.

SCOTCH OIL
The Best Stable Liniment in the World
For Spavins, Splints, Curbs, Ringbones, and all Unnatural Enlargements.
Send 2-cent stamp for eight picture cards.
N. A. GILBERT & CO., Proprietors.
3-1y Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Portraits & Views
Photographs
By Miss Libby
Norway, Me.

OXFORD COUNTY
Loan Association
—OF—
NORWAY, MAINE.
Capital, $20,000
Stockholders' Liablities, $40,000
Having been authorized by the Bank Examiner to commence business, this Association is now ready to receive money at good rates of interest.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES for SALE.
OEEICE at Norway National Bank.
S. B. LOCKE, PRESIDENT.
22] H. D. SMITH, SEC. & TREAS'R.

WATCHES, CLOCKS,
—AND—
JEWELRY,
At Less than City Prices.
S. RICHARDS, Jr., South Paris.
June 3, 1887. 22tf


Cash Prices Paid
FOR
Live Fowls
Delivered at
C. W. & J. L. PARTRIDGE, Norway Lake, Me.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
The undersigned, having secured the agency for
Household Furnishing Goods,
of every description, is prepared to give estimates and furnish residences with goods from the immense establishment of
B. A. ATKINSON & CO.,
of Boston and Portland, at same terms and prices as given at headquarters.
My frequent visits to the city enable me to personally select goods for my customers; thus perfect satisfaction is guaranteed in every instance.
A. L. HANSON, Norway, Me.
July 22, 1887. 29tf

TRY IT AT ONCE. IT WILL CURE YOU.
IT IS VERY PLEASANT TO THE TASTE.
Coughs, Colds and Consumption are the dreaded C's which seize upon our health. They can be cured by the use of
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
which cures all diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest. None genuine unless signed "I. BUTTS" on the wrapper.
SEND FOR A PAMPHLET of TESTIMONIALS.
SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, BOSTON, Prop'rs.

The Best Fruit Jars
—Are For Sale at—
F. EMERY & CO'S,
—AT THE—
Falls Grocery Store.
THE LIGHTNING PRESERVE JAR
is considered to be the best in which to keep fruit. All sizes for sale at lowest prices. Full Line of
CANNED GOODS!
—Special Line of—
Extra Good Coffees,
—Including Wood's—
OLD DUTCH JAVA!
Santos and Rio.
Flour Of All Kinds,
At Low Prices.

BRIDGTON & SACO RIVER R. R.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
Commencing JUNE 27th, 1887.

	Trains.		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Bridgton,	6.10	10.10	5.40
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Portland, (arrive)	8.45	12.35	7.50
Leave Portland, (P&O R)	8.35	1.00	6.15
Bridgton, (ar've)	11.10	3.20	8.55

Stage connections at Bridgton for North Bridgton, Harrison and Waterford.
J. A. BENNETT, Supt.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Norway Village in the Forties. No. 43.

When the "Oxford Bears" made their annual raid this season into the cornfields of Oxford county, and found the "roasting ears" in plentiful abundance at Norway Hall, a certain "Bearess," who was born in an ancient house up Pleasant street, as she was leaving for her home by the sea, told this story to a Norwegian:—

In early times while yet the waters that turn the wheels at the iron bridge at Paris Cape ran to waste, and the beautiful triangle of the little city was not yet wholly cleared of the original forest, there lived among the early settlers, two men who came from Mass.—one from near Cape Cod and the other from Cape Ann. They were near neighbors, and as often happens disputes soon arrose between them, and at times the war of words waxed warm and epithets of various sorts fired fiercely at each other.

On one of these occasions when the battle assumed rather larger proportions than usual, and various persons had become listeners, the Cape-Codite whom it seems rather prided himself upon his nativity, in replying to some remark of his opponent, said, "Well, you are only a Cape-Anner anyway." The listeners caught up the saying, and the man was afterwards known as a "Cape-Anner." In process of tima, people outside of the village, came to apply the term to all the dwellers in the little village indiscriminately. All were known as "Cape-Anners," and the place itself as "Cape Ann." Any one can readily see how the name might be changed from "Cape-Ann" to "The Cape," and then to "Paris Cape;" and so throughout all of the Forties, the scribe who lived in Norway, never to his recollection heard it called by any other name.

The scribe is quite certain that it is well known throughout the County that the good people of Paris Hill are rather proud of their *high standing* in the community—they occupy an *elevated position* in the town and fully appreciate it, and perhaps might be justified in casting so much as the bare shadow of the substance of disparagement over those *beneath* them. So the scribe was pleased a short time since, while standing in the streets of the Capitol City to hear a "Paris Hiller" in speaking of several well-known persons, "Oh, they are all Cape Anners;" but the speaker could not tell where the term originated.

So it seems that to some persons in the community, the denizens of our neighboring village are "Cape Anners" even to this day. The excellent Bearess from Pleasant street had often heard her father tell the story of the dispute between the two early settlers, and *she gave the names of the men*. It is altogether probable that this is a true solution of the riddle of "Paris *Cape*." If any reader has a better one will he please send it to the editor.

Now who will solve for us the riddle of "Paris *Harbor?*"

No. 41 of Vol. 3 of the Norway *Advertiser* is before me. It bears date January 22, 1847. Let us see what interested the people then.

The persons advertising in this paper are E. C. Shackley, (he was born under the morning shadows of Horse Hill) James N. Hall, A. C. Denison, Peter B. Frost, F. H. Whitman, Stephen Greenleaf, jr.

This notice is given in the editorial column:—"The annual meeting of the Oxford County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Congregational meeting house near Bethel Hill on the 3d and 4th of Feb. next."

The young people who read this can never know of the intensity of feeling upon the subject of slavery that characterised the Abolition and Anti-Slavery gatherings of those days. That subject like Moses' rod swallowed up all other subjects. It divided families and churches, split political parties and at the last brought the people of the Republic face to face on the field of battle. Thank God that the cause of it all, African slavery, has gone the way of all the earth.

In this same number of the Norway *Advertiser* (Feb'y '47) I find an advertisement which is of interest in connection with the history of the old tavern stand at Ford's Corner. It is this:—

"TEMPERANCE TAVERN.

The subscriber grateful to his friends and the travelling community generally for the patronage heretofore extended to him, takes this method to inform them that *now* and *hereafter* his house will be kept on strictly

TEETOTAL PRINCIPLES,

and he hopes by strict attention to the comfort of those who may favor him with their patronage, to convince them that the exclusion of *ardent spirits* will not render their stay less agreeable.

WILLIAM HAYES.

Norway, Feb. 12, 1847."

In the history of the old house given a short time since, it was stated that liquors were freely dispensed there up as late as the early Forties. It is altogether probable that the temperance wave carried away the "old bar" of this tavern on the above date.

By reading the pages of the old *Advertiser* during the winter of '46—'47, I find the American people were sending many cargoes of provisions to the starving poor of Ireland. That was forty years ago, and what quantities of food and sums of money have been sent since then from this side of the Atlantic. Where would poor Ireland have been all these years without the help that has gone from here. The oppression of that people by the great British nation is the shadow that shall always darken the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Here is an item of interest to Odd Fellows:—"The selectmen of Westfield, Mass., at the late town meeting held in that place were instructed by the town to strike from the jury list the names of all *odd fellows, rum sellers and rum drinkers*," which only shows how wild and unreasonable people may become. As the scribe remarked a short time since, public opinion is an irresponsible power and may destroy its victim for no cause whatever. The cool-headed and conservative should always stand ready to oppose the fanatics—to put on the brakes when society runs wild.

But did you ever think dear reader, that society to-day is persecuting some other citizens with the same thoughtless wickedness probably that Westfield persecuted the Odd Fellows, and that it is quite possible you are helping do it? The people of Westfield were not aware what they were doing. It was done by *good, christian citizens* of the town. In some way Odd Fellowship had come under ban and denunciation was carried to the extent of voting them as unfit to occupy the jury box. Oh, christianity, oh, consistency, oh, brotherly love and good will, what jewels ye are indeed.

No internal or external pain can exist where MINARD'S LINIMENT is used.
Whatever the cause, be it **Burn** or **Bruise, Strain** or **Sprain, Cut** or **Scald**; Be the suffering from **Contractions** or **Swellings. Gripes** or **Cramps**, in man or beast, this **KING OF PAIN** always cures. **Yachtsmen** and **Horsemen** remember the name: **Minard's Liniment.** Large Bottles only 25 cent. Sold by all Druggists.
Prepared by **NELSON & CO., Boston.**

BLACKSMITH SHOP and Business to Let at Bolster's Mills, Me. Good business established and rent reasonable. Apply or address O. V. EDWARDS. (61-33

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Around the World. No. 4.

Hydraulic mining is used only in placer or surface diggings, and for a description of which we will visit the Oro Fino mines situated in Shoshone county in the northern part of Idaho, ninety miles from Lewiston. Lewiston is at the head of steamboat navigation, situated at the forks of the Snake and Clearwater rivers, quite a business place, as the miners' supplies all come to this place and are transported from here to the different mining districts by means of pack trains, as there very few wagon roads from here to the mines, the roads being nothing but trails over the mountains and through dense belts of timber.

A pack train usually consists of from 15 to 40 pack mules, who will carry from 300 to 400 pounds burden. It is quite a trade to understand loading these animals, as all kinds of articles are transported in this manner.

As I went to the Oro Fino mines in company with one of these trains, I will give a brief account of our journey. Our train consisted of 25 mules, a bell mare who is the leader of the train, three packers and myself. The average day's journey is about 15 miles, but sometimes in order to make a good camp where there is water a forced march is necessary. About 5 o'clock in the morning breakfast is generally prepared after which the animals are gathered in and packed, this occupation taking about two hours.

Sometimes a mule will become very obstinate about standing still, and just as one has a barrel of sugar about where it is needed, the mule fails to be where he is expected to be at that moment; then there is some loud talk and sundry applications of the black snak until the vicious animal consents to being loaded. Each animal is provided with a pack saddle or apparago. The load is first put on in a sling, being equally balanced, then the whole is confined by a rope put on with a diamond hitch, a peculiar fastening or throwing of the rope used only by the packers, and indeed it is a hitch that would puzzle any sailor to master at once.

When the freight is all ready the kitchen is placed on the bell mare who takes the lead, the rest following in single file. Then all the train hands mount their saddle horses and bring up the rear. Sometimes an animal will leave the trail for some bit of tempting bunch of grass and become wedged in between two trees, where it will get frightened, kick and plunge, which will quite often end in its freeing itself of its burden, and then the fun of capturing and reloading said animal takes place.

Generally about 2 or 3 o'clock, the day's run is made, then the animals are unpacked and turned loose, two or three perhaps are hobbled in order that they will not stray away too far from camp. They will most always keep close together and as the bell can be heard quite a distance you can usually find them when wanted. A camp fire is then lighted and the cook prepares the supper, also cooking enough bread for breakfast, so there is nothing to do in the morning but boil the coffee and fry the bacon, almost always keeping the bean dish well filled.

The pipes are then lighted and then stories of wild adventure is generally the order of the evening's entertainment. The riding animals are then picketed where they will be at hand in case of need, then rolling himself in his blanket each one enjoys a good night's rest.

We were six days on our trip to Pierce City, the settlement where all the miners from the adjacent mines procure their supplies. It is considered quite a place in that region, containing one hotel, two stores and about 15 dwelling houses, also a court house. These buildings are not very elegant structures, being mostly of hewed logs, but are very comfortable. The mining district is located all around the settlement. Oro Fino creek supplies most of the water used in their working.

The manner in which these mines are worked I will now try and briefly explain. The largest mine running at the time of which I am writing was owned by a company, it was located about three miles from the town and was supplied with water from Nelson's ditch. The ditch was about 150 feet above the mine which gave considerable force to the stream from the hose. As I have before stated the gold is generally found in the revines or old river beds. Sluce boxes are made 12 feet long, 2 feet wide with sides about 13 inches high. These boxes are placed generally on the bed rock and form a flume through which all the dirt passes as the water from the pipe washes it loose from the bank. The first two sections of the sluice have in the bottom strips of 2 x 3 the entire length of the box, with little blocks between them, keeping them apart about three inches. These blocks are 18 inches apart. The whole bottom is called a riffle. Quicksilver is then poured in between these blocks, and as the dirt and water rushes through the sluice, the gold being heavier than the soil, falls and is gathered up by the quicksilver, which holds it in the riffle.

The force of the water from the pipe loosens large boulders and trees are felled. It is quite a skillful piece of work to manage a pipe so the trees will fall in a direction that will least obstruct the way up the bed, and at times in falling a bank some poor miner is caught in the mass of falling rocks and earth and his dream of wealth is ended. At times the run will come to a branch where two beds meet. Then perhaps other parties are working on those branches and their run is ended unless they can buy out.

Some mines clean up once in two weeks. That is, the water is turned off the sluise, the riffles taken up and cleaned out, the quicksilver is then put into a cloth and twisted until the gold is nearly separated from it, then the amalgam is put into a frying pan and held over a fire for a few moments, when the remaining quicksilver evaporates leaving the pure dust.

Some of these mines will average $12 per day to the man for a little while, then they may run out for a while and hardly pay expenses. It is very uncertain and trying work. Sometimes at a clean up they are greatly surprised at their luck and at other times as greatly disheartened with their efforts, for the work is just as hard when the pay is poor and generally a great deal harder.

Frequently the riffles are robbed by some sneaking scoundrel during the absence of the miners; but in case of a capture the climate for that individual becomes very unhealthy, and the expense of a trial seldom amounts to more than the number of catridges used for his benefit.

Much could be written on this subject of mining, but my time is limited, and in the next sketch I will give some idea of quartz mining which is carried on in a much larger scale as it requires a large amount of capital before any return is made for the money invested.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

A Smart Young Lady.

Mrs. Mary Heywood, the youngest daughter of Joseph Stone, the intrepid and brave pioneer of the Lake country, still lives at the old homestead on Metallucks Point, and runs a large and valuable farm, the products of which ever find a ready market among the loggers and summer tourists. Mrs. H. possesssed much of the power and courage for which her parents were so notorious. She could handle the rifle with unerring aim, spin, weave and do all manner of housework with dispatch and neatness, and furthermore entertain the summer tourist to her own credit and in a manner which at once makes one feel himself completely at his ease.

Many people in the lower and more densely populated towns imagine the people in the back woods or amid the wilds of Maine almost a set of savages, who have but a vague idea of the outer world, as it is termed, but in this they are laboring under a sad mistake. Here you will find gentility, civility and intelligent and cultivated minds second to none in the crowded cities. Their fewer advantages are much better appreciated and applied to a good use and the constant intercourse with people from the cities traveling on business or for pleasure has given them an air of refinement which one would hardly expect to find in so wild a country.

A few years since this lady by advice of friends built her a neat pretty cottage in Upton and forsook her old home as she had now amassed an ample fortune and the circumstance of her being so far from neighbors with no means of egress except over the lake by boat or on the ice in winter, made it unsafe for her to longer remain there with her broken health and helpless children but the fond associations of childhood were so strongly riveted she found it impossible to content herself. Her children soon grew large and strong so she returned to the old homestead there to live, die and sleep in the family burying ground with almost the entire family who have passed on before.

A late letter from that section informs us that Mrs. H. is now in very poor health and her farm and business are mostly run by her daughter Estelle, a rosy cheeked, interesting young lady of 16 years.

Estelle during the past winter took care of 11 head of cattle, caught 200 lbs. of pickerel, 10 foxes, 10 ducks, beside other game not mentioned, cared for a horse and 7 sheep, broke 2 yoke of steers and drove 4 oxen to haul 40 cords of wood to the door after being cut and loaded by a hired man, beside attending to most of the household duties.

MARK TAPLEY.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Alden Chase, esq., of Bryant's Pond, writes to our Greenwood correspondent the following:—

I have been in the habit of using lime on my hay for twenty years. My method is this, I mow in the forenoon, rake and cock in the afternoon and if no rain comes, get in one load next day in the forenoon without opening, the remainder immediately after dinner, then rake and cock again and get ready for next day. I put from four to twelve quarts on the load after it is mowed away.

If rain comes on the hay it must be opened and dried out. If but little rain comes I let the cocks stand till it is dried off and then get it in without opening. Sometimes I just tip the cocks over if on moist land.

I put on the lime according to the amount of moisture to be absorbed in the hay. You cannot put on enough to injure the hay.

Cattle and horses eat it better than without the lime. The floor after foddering my cattle is frequently covered with lime and leaves. I shove it all into the crib and my cattle lick it all up clean. My cattle never eat bones for the reason they get all the lime in the hay their nature's crave. I am not so positive as to sheep yet my sheep compare favorably with my neighbors and sometimes I think why my sheep are never troubled with lice is on account of the lime getting into the wool when I fodder them.

Now brother Buck this is my experience. The science is, it absorbs the moisture, sweetens the hay and you will find no sour smell about the hay, consequently the cattle eat it better. Moisture rises when hay warms and the lime on top of the hay drinks it up. One thing is sure I give my cattle no grain whatever, all they get is grass, hay and straw and I am willing to compare my stock with my neighbors, who put all they get off their farms into grain and give it to their cattle. Either my cattle are as good as theirs with all their graining or the assessors are complete lunkheads with no judgment to apprise my stock as high as my neighbors if they are lime killed. I have a yoke of cattle 7 years old, that have had nothing but grass, hay and straw since I owned them, have had them four years, and they are 7½ feet and in as good condition as any oxen in town and all the provender they have eaten is the lime in the hay. I have no sick cattle. I have not used an ounce of saltpetre for years. Some peope are always doctoring their cattle whether sick or well. Might as well be taking medicine ones self when perfectly well as giving it to cattle when nothing ails them. People report my hay is all rotten, well they never came into my barn to see it but I am ever ready to show samples when they wish it or compare it with their own.

I buy a cask of lime in the winter, take out the head and let it air slake and if it does not fast enough empty a portion into a large box so the air can get to it and it is all ready when wanted. There you are tired by this time reading but do not be afraid of lime, put enough on the hay and you are all right.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

Fine Blooded Horses.

We recently stepped into William J. Wheeler's stable at South Paris. Mr. W. has something to do with horses as well as insurance, pianos and organs. He and D. N. True and Mr. Bumpus have twelve of the horse kind, every one a trotter.

We glanced at Thomas Carlyle, a sleek looking mahogany bay stallion with black points. One that is every inch a horse after the liking of all true Arabs. This stallion is standard bred and was sired by General Withers out of Alice by Ledo. Thomas Carlyle has done a big business in the stud this season.

Ned V. is a bay stallion with no white. He is two years old and was sired by Thomas Carlyle. He is a splendid looking colt and at 16 months of age got a record of 1:47 for a half mile. These two stallions are owned by Wheeler & True, and if we mistake not will make a mark in the horse world.

We next take a peep at Bay Harbinger, a standard bred bay two-year-old stallion sired by Harbinger. He is a large colt, good style and fine action and promises to be fast. This horse is owned by Wheeler & Bumpus.

The one that pleased us most—the one we would like to own, is the black road mare, Kitty Lambert, sired by Daniel Lambert. To our notion she is almost a perfect horse in every particular. Just the kind of a horse one takes comfort in driving. She is used almost entirely as a brood mare and has got some nice colts. She now has a fine colt by her side after Harbinger, for which an offer of $300 was refused.

Mr. Wheeler has a promising two-year-old after Norway Knox and several others of good breeding. If you are interested in good horsed just call around to Mr. Wheeler's stable as he has some that will please you.

BETHEL.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.—Rev. G. B. Haniford preached a very good sermon, the 14th, at Bean's Corner and attended the Sunday school and prayer meeting at Middle Intervale. His text was "I will arise and go to my father."

The ladies' aid society met the 18th at Mrs. J. H. Carter's.

Recently returning from Old Orchard to Bethel we noted the following stations or stopping places: Old Orchard depot, Scarboro Beach, Transfer station, Portland, Grand Trunk depot, Falmouth, Cumberland, Yarmouth, Pownel, New Gloucester, Danville Junction, Empire Station, Mechanic Falls, Oxford, South Paris and Norway, West Paris, Bryant's Pond, Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Page Cutler and son from Woburn, Mass., have been visiting friends in town.

A Russian peddler by the name of Emil Kovarsky has been here lately.

Ripe tomatoes on the Maple Grove farm.

P. Connelly who lives a few miles from Bethel Hill has several smart girls. The youngest is 12 years of age and can cook as well as many women. Her mother being in poor health, she with her sister has taken charge of the housework for a year or more beside working out of doors much of the time.

The campmeeting at Poland is now to be thought of.

Mrs. N. Annas has a basket that is more than 100 years old, first owned by her grandmother and presented by her mother.

Get rid of that tired feeling as quick as possible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives strength, a good appetite, and health.

[Special report for Advertiser.]

The 17th Maine Reunion

At Oxford, Thursday.

The morning broke dark and cloudy. Heavy black clouds trailed low over the distant hills. A damp south wind told of coming rain, and about 7 o'clock the rain began to fall and was soon pouring down in torrents, flooding the level streets and flowing in miniature rivers down the hillsides. All the elaborate preparations for out door decorations were given up.

The blood quickening notes of the bugle, the soul stirring taps of the drums welcomed a band of aged, maimed, but fine looking men, to the Methodist church, where the 17th reunion was held. Some of the veterans stepped off bravely as if laughing to scorn the weight of many years, others were bowed with time and broken down with diseases, some limped along feebly by the aid of canes, others hobled slowly on crutches. As they entered the church they stacked their old regimental colors at the back of the platform. They did not unfurl them because they were so tattered there was danger of their falling to pieces. Those flags so battle-rent and bullet-pierced, and time rotted had surged back and forth in the fierce charges and counter charges of Chancellorsville, had stood rock in the famous wheat field at Gettysburg, scorning and hurling back the frantic rebel charges as the rock the dashing wave, had pressed on stubbornly inch by inch through the Wilderness, had floated at the head of many a gallant charge on the strong ramparts of Petersburg, and had been born in triumph along Richmond's humbled streets. No wonder those old flags were handled more tenderly than if made of the finest silk and bordered with the choicest cloth of gold.

This regiment lost more men in killed and wounded than any other that went from Maine, 174 were killed in two years.

In the absence of the president and vice president, Capt. George W. Verrill took the chair, called the meeting to order by a few happy remarks. A little music by Oxford's fine band, and dinner was in order.

Dinner was served in the vestry. Three long tables extending the whole length of the room fairly groaned with good edibles, brown bread and beans, cold meats, nice cakes, rich pies in profusion. The tables were tastily decorated with flowers and patriotically adorned with tasty flags. On each plate was a choice button hole bouquet. In the center of the central table table a miniature fort upreared its frowning sides, grim with connon and guarded by dignified looking sentries. This fort was a masterpiece of artistic cookery, and was formed and arranged by Mrs. Henry Eaton and other tasty Oxford ladies. It was named Fort Sedgewick in honor of the 17th's winter quarters in '63, but the pleased veterans named it Fort Oxford in honor of the hospitable treatment they received from Oxford people. After dinner Capt. Verrill called the meeting to order, thanked the citizens in the name of the association for the bounteous dinner and hospitable treatment received, and introduced the father of the regiment, Col. T. A. Roberts of Portland, who was received with much applause, and Gen. Geo. W. West, of Glen Falls, his successor, was also heartily applauded.

Then some very fine music was rendered and a most thrilling song given by Dr. Hersey and S. P. Stuart, James G. Jones, George Jones, Mrs. Hersey, organist.

The secretary's report of the Norway reunion last year was accepted. The treasurer's report was as follows:

Cash in saving's bank,	$68 73
Dividends $5, $6, $7,	2 77
Reunion of 86 expenses,	33 61
Balance on hand in saving's bank,	51 22

The following deaths have occurred since the last reunion:

Edward B. Hamlin, private, Co. C, of Otisfield; Z. E. Sawtelle, corporal of Co. F, of Charleston, S. C.; Chas. B. DeWitt corporal Co. D, in Montana Territory; Francis H. Hale, private Co. E, at Norway.

A committee of three, Ajdt. Roberts, Major Green and Sergeant Abbott, were appointed to prepare a list of officers for the ensuing year. The list was as follows:

President—Col. Edward Moore, Deering.
Vice Presidents—Capt. John E. Perry, Portland; Cyrus Wardwell, Oxford.
Necrologist—Capt. George W. Verrill, Portland.
Secretary and Treasurer—Capt. James M. Webb, Saccarappa.
Directors—Adjt. C. W. Roberts, Portland; Thomas M. Donnett, Portland; Capt. Isaac S. Faunce, Lewiston.
Roster—Co. A, J. W. Flint, Baldwin; Co. B, G. F. Sparrow, Deering; Co. C, George W. Verrill, Portland; Co. D, Geo. A. Parker, Lewiston; Co. E, George I. Small, Gorham; Co. F, D. B. Stevens, Lewiston; Co. G, E. P. Verrill, Farmington; Co. H, Geo. A. Widden, Saccarappa; Co. I, Sumner S. Richards, Saco; Co. K, E. A. Duncan, Rockland.

There were about 150 present, the largest meeting for years. Among the officers we noticed Col. T. A. Roberts of Portland, Gen. Geo. W. West of Glen Falls, Col. Edward Moore of Deering, Major W. H. Green of Portland, Capt. John E. Perry of Portland, Capt. Isaac S. Faunce of Lewiston, Capt. James M. Webb of Saccarappa, Adjt. C. M. Roberts of Rockland, Lieut. Edwin A. Duncan of Gorham, Lieut. Geo. A. Widden of Lewiston, Lieut. J. F. Hobbs of Falmouth, Lieut. W. K. Maybury of Hiram.

This splendid regiment was organized at Portland in August, 1862, to serve three years, and left Aug. 21st for Washington. They participated in the following battles: Fredericksburg Dec. 13th, where they lost 2 killed and 13 wounded. In the Chancellorsville campaign of May, 1863, they lost 1 officer and 3 men killed, 5 officers and 59 men wounded, and 45 taken prisoners. On the second of July they arrived at Gettysburg and were assigned to a critical position, which they held with honor, loosing 1 officer and 17 men killed, 7 officers and 105 men wounded, and 2 taken prisoners. Nov. 27th they took a prominent part in the battle of Orange Grove, losing 3 killed and 48 wounded. During the battle of the Wilderness, May 5 and 6, 1874, their casualties were 21 killed and 117 wounded and 12 missing. On May 12th they lost in a charge made by the second corps, 3 killed, 19 wounded and 10 missing. May 23d, at North Anna River, they lost 4 killed and 17 wounded. On the second of June they marched to Cold Harbor, and on the 3d and 4th were under fire, several being wounded by shells. June 16th and 18th they were in two unsuccessful charges on Petersburg, losing 13 killed and 63 wounded.

After this they engaged in a number of minor battles, with little loss, however, until the 4th of June, 1865, when they were mustered out.

They bore an honorable part in fifteen hard fought battles. The above shows the appalling loss which this gallant regiment suffered, nearly one-half their number being killed or wounded in two years, and this does not include those who sickened and died from hardships and exposure. Truly this is a regiment which is deserving of the highest encomium.

The following is a list of the killed and wounded among the men who joined the 17th from Oxford and Otisfield, so far as I can obtain them. It has never been published before and had not several veterans kindly assisted me I should not have been able to secure so complete a list as I have.

Cyrus Wardwell was shot three times in one day while engaged in the "endways" charge in front of Petersburg. Previous to this Mr. Wardwell was a prisoner for 14 months and 7 days; during a part of this time he endured the unutterable horrors of the infamous Libby prison.

William Fanace was shot through the mouth and also through the side.

John Cotton lost an arm in the Wilderness.

Silas P. Horr lost a finger.

Frank Morse of Otisfield was shot in the lower part of his leg. The bone became affected and eight inches of it has sloughed out. Now amputation alone will prolong his life. He is a terrible sufferer, having not known a moment's rest from pain since the war.

Charles Sanborn was shot in the foot.

Ira Smith had his right eye shot out and is now threatened with loss of sight in the other.

Edward Weston was wounded six times.

Horace Brackett has lost a leg, the result of a wound.

Abraham Dean was shot through the thighs.

George Barrows was wounded six times and finally killed at Gettysburg, while repelling Pickett's famous charge.

Joseph Atwood was killed at Chancellorsville.

This is a long list for two small country towns, and the 17th is by no means the only regiment which contained Oxford and Otisfield men.

Several beautiful designs for a monument to be erected upon the historic field of Gettysburg were exhibited and the matter discussed at length. The final selection was left to a special committee consisting of Col. Edw. Moore, Maj. Wm. H Green, Gen. Geo. W. West, Gen. Chas. P. Mattocks and Adjt. Chas. W. Roberts.

Among the newspaper men present were: Col. Lewis N. Edwards of the Lewiston *Journal*, Adjt. Roberts of the *Press* and J. K. Chase of the *Argus*.

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else had failed you you may depend upon this for certain.

The Bottom of the Ladder.

A modest youth who graduated a Tuesday or two ago from the university at Chapel Hill, wishes to be connected with an able, progressive, and live newspaper—one up with the times. With that end in view he addressed himself to The Item. He incloses testimonials as to character, mental capacity, and accomplishments, though he admits that, as yet, he does not claim "to possess either the experience or the ability to edit a newspaper successfully."

In the latter part of his communication there is found food for comment. He says: "I am willing to make myself generally useful—to begin at the bottom of the profession; to read proof or make clippings, or do anything of that kind, if need be, confident of my ability to finally work myself up to a position more congenial to my tastes and more suitable to my education."

The proof reader at the bottom of the ladder? The man who not only corrects printers mistakes, but finds punctuation, spelling, grammar, and words for unlettered or careless writers, who must so keep his memory stored with the good things of the noted authors that he may suitably fill in at a moment's notice an inaccurate quotation; sometimes is compelled to even grasp and make clear the ideas of a shiftless writer; who puts the finishing touches to every column of the journal before it goes to the eager iron jaws awaiting it in the press-room.

And he will do uncongenial work at the bottom of the ladde in attending to the "clippings." Ye gods! What will the scissors editor say to that? Good writers and brainy men are not so rare, but a man who will nose among the exchanges with a scent as keen and exact as a deerhound's, who strikes the prey when found and always secures game to the popular taste, such a man will be kept when found, and not kept on the bottom rung of the ladder either.—New Orleans City Item.

An Afternoon in the Highlands.

No novelist of English birth ever imagined such an afternoon as I once spent in the Highlands. A party of six were to drive and ride together. There were two ladies in an open landau with two men, of whom I was one, while two young lords in their kits rode on ponies by our side. The roads were rougher than in England and the hills were steep and frequent, but the youngsters were perfect riders and in the highest of spirits. They were cousins, and one was the host of the party; neither was more than 23; each the eldest son of an earl, a Scotchman, the descendant of kings, they felt they were on their native heather.

Two wilder, bolder, more frolicsome fellows were never seen in any rank of life. They rode sometimes abreast, sometimes what they called tandem; they rode sometimes astride and bare-backed, sometimes two on one horse, sometimes each with one leg over each horse; they stood on their horses' backs, sometimes both on one, sometimes one on both; they sat with their faces to the tail; they rode like women; one would hang over his horse as if he were the stag that the other pretended to have killed; they would ride like Indians in the chase or in war, with one foot on the ground and one hand on the horse's neck. It was the most daring, splendid, graceful horsemanship I ever saw on the road—the ponies all the while running like mad, and enjoying the fun as much as their masters; the ponies' backs as bare as their masters' legs, and mane and kit and plaid flying in the air.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

No Further Use for It.

Young Man (whispering to jeweler)—That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday—

Jeweler—What's the matter with it? Didn't it fit?

Young Man (cautiously)—Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar buttons for it.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1887.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

Agents will do well to call on Geo. W. Pierce, So. Paris. See ad.

Street Commissioner J. A. Bolster, of Norway, has a bran new house for sale. See ad.

The *Dirigo Rural* hitherto published in Bangor, Me., has been absorbed by *The New England Farmer*.

The Poor Family will this year have their Triennial Reunion in Haverhill, Mass., September 14. All this blood including many surnames are invited to meet in the beautiful city on the Merrimac.

We have recently added another job press to our office. The increase of presses was made necessary on account of the increased demand for job printing. We modestly claim the best equipped newspaper and job printing office in the State outside the cities. We have four fast running power presses. The office is heated by steam and power is furnished by a four horse power J. W. Penney & Sons' engine. Steam is furnished by a ten horse power, steel boiler set in brick work in the basement of the building. The steam plant was put in last spring by Messrs. Penney and has thus far given the best of satisfaction. At 60 pounds of steam we turn out 17 papers per minute and the same number of papers per minute with only 25 pounds of steam. It is readily seen that the engine works nicely. It gives ample power and some to spare. We found no fault with our old arrangement for power other than we had outgrown the capacity of the boiler and engine and have now something more economical and better. With our increased facilities for doing job printing we are enabled to do the best work at the smallest cost. Remember we are always ready and willing to give you prices on any line of job printing. When in town call and see us.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

Among the recent arrivals are Mrs. Geo. Dorman of Auburn, Mrs. Emily Chute of Gorham, Nellie Burnham and Alice Wire of Portland.

Lena Walker is at home for a short time.

Joseph Green is visiting at his parental home.

Mrs. Nellie Scott of Portland, is visiting her father, Cyrus Turner.

Mrs. James Greene and daughter are spending a few weeks at Bridgton.

James Greene has gone away to work in the corn shop.

Rena Dorman is attending the camp meeting at Poland this week.

Mrs. Lewis Brackett has so far recovered as to be able to visit her relatives here.

Geo. Hancock has sold his new horse to Albion Hancock.

O. D. Hancock has lost his horse, which was sick for some time.

The roads in town are being repaired this week with the aid of the new road-machine which the town purchased last spring. FORGET-ME-NOT.

EAST OTISFIELD.

O. N. Stone has sold his five years old colt to George Pike, of Harrison.

Harry Haskell and wife and Charles E. Greenleaf and children of Auburn, have been spending a few days with relatives here.

Mrs. Miriam Chase is feeble. She is eighty-seven years old and until very recently has been able to do all of her own work.

W. M. Greenleaf of Mechanic Falls spent last Sabbath in town.

Diana and Lucy Scribner of Portland, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Scribner.

A number from this place went on the excursion to Portland and the Islands last week.

Mrs. Persis Sterling of Portland, is spending a few weeks at her father's, Rev. Joseph Loring's.

Read the ADVERTISER. New serial story shortly to be commenced. Our correspondents are our authorized agents, or send direct to the office of publication.

Rev. Joseph Loring's horse dropped dead while at work in the field one day last week.

Geo. R. Stone of the Boston police is visiting his parents here.

Will Reed and Morris and Oscar Kemp are at home from Worcester, Mass.

T. Jackson is doing a large business dealing in cattle.

E. M. Greenleaf spent last Sunday in town.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Most all the farmers are done haying and are now getting their grain.

Mr. Ladd has sold his stand to Eliza Ann Record. She will move in in Nov. Mr. Ladd is going to New Hampshire.

Pearl Swallow from Canada is in town.

Inez Buzwell from Mass., is at Enos Heald's.

Grace Bicknell from Norway is visiting her grandmother Bicknell.

M. F. Bisbee and wife have returned to their business at Mass.

Mrs. E. C. Mayhew made a three days visit at Mechanic Falls last week.

Minnie Bicknell has gone to Dixfield to work in the corn shop.

Aunt Arvilla Record is visiting on Paris Hill. She will visit South Paris and Mechanic Falls before she returns home. She is in her 85th year.

Mrs. Abbie Keene from South Paris was at Sidney Swallow's last Sabbath.

Mrs. Mary Brock has gone to Hartford.

Florence Philbrook and his oldest boy have gone to Conway, N. H., to spend the winter.

Asenath Fuller is at work for Willard Mason. Mrs. Mason is in very poor health.

Mrs. Emily Turner is at Livermore under the care of a physician.

Mrs. Rozilla Heald is doing her work with her daughter's help.

Corry Bonney and wife were at her father's last Sunday.

Mrs. Caroline Davis from Auburn, is stopping in Sumner at Corry Bonney's.

Two men with hand organs passed through our village last Monday. They had good music and the old and young enjoyed it.

A number from this place attended the grove meeting at Mechanic Falls last Sabbath.

Mrs. Atwood, her son and son's wife from Mass., are visiting at Herman Morse's.

Mrs. Angelia Farrar's lameness is little better. She has a bad sore throat now.

OXFORD.

Nutting, formerly with Rich the meat man, will run a meat cart every morning to Welchville and Oxford.

A fox entered the barn yard of Frank Manson on Allen Hill recently and made a square meal of 18 turkeys.

Quite a crowd gathered here Saturday to witness the game of ball between the Lewistons and Oxfords. The Lewistons failed to put in an appearance and the Oxfords claimed the game, 9 to 0.

Everybody went to camp meeting last Sunday.

SWEDEN.

Mrs. Jefferson and daughter are sick with sore throats.

Will Mansfield and wife have been visiting in this vicinity of late.

School finished in Dist. No. 5 Aug. 17, taught by May Coffin. Miss C. labored hard with good results. The good example she set before the scholars is worthy of imitation.

John Ames has the best pair of matched steer calves in this vicinity.

NORWAY LAKE.

At the reunion on Thursday of last week, old Co. G, 10th Maine, mustered but five men at roll call, namely: "Maj." H. R. Millett, J. F. Bradbury, Albert Littlefield, Lafayette Seavey and R. H. Murphy. We recall to memory the hot day of Aug. 9th, 1862 and the hotter fight at Cedar Mountain when Co. G was gallantly led by Lieut. Henry Rust Millett, and in that fierce struggle for the possession of the Rappadanock, how coolly he piloted us through the awful artillery fire at Sulpher Springs and so on to "My Maryland" and South Mountain and that bloody cornfield at Antietam where the war flame waved to and fro all that bright September day and brave hearted men grew pale, our little "major" seemed to wear a charmed life and was game to the last.

Herbert Hathaway's wife and six children of Cambridge, Mass., are stopping at Mrs. H. Hathaway's.

Albion Buck has had another attack of erysipelas.

L. D. Hobb's attended the reunion of the 32d Me. regiment at Peak's Island on Thursday. He was 43 years old when he enlisted and was in at the collapse of the Confederacy. He is in failing health now, but in relating incidents of the war he will fire up and feel as if he was there again. John Keen went to Peak's Island to attend the reunion also.

A. P. Bean of South Acton, Mass., section master on the Fitchburg railroad, with his wife and son, Milton Cleveland, paid a short visit at A. S. Bean's, Norway Lake the past week. Mr. B is also visiting friends at the village and South Paris and Bethel, his native place.

A. S. Bean's daughter and grandson saw a large turtle in the lake Saturday night near Samuel Partridges.

PARIS HILL.

Mrs. S. U. Hawkes, who has been sick for several months, is slowly sinking and no hopes can be entertained for her recovery. She is a great sufferer and has to be continually kept under the influence of opiates.

The committee appointed by the Oxford Bear Association at its meeting in Norway last June to select a list of officers for the coming year, have appointed among others, A. L. Burbank, formerly of this village, now of Portland, to be sec. and treas.

Edward Parris, esq., of New York, is making his annual visit to his native village.

George Shaw, who had the misfortune to sprain his wrist badly a short time since while at work on the buildings of W. K. Greene, has so far recovered as to resume work.

Herbert Hammond is making extensive repairs to his residence.

Col. Lewis B. Smith, Deputy Collector at the Portland custom house was in town over Sunday.

A number of our citizens visited the Universalist grove meeting at Mechanic Falls Sunday.

The fall term of the Paris Hill academy will begin on Tuesday, Sept. 6, and continue ten weeks under the instruction of Charles E. Dolley, A. B., a graduate of Colby University.

A happy event took place at the residence of Mrs. William Chase on Sunday in the marriage of Charles L. Simmons of Templeton, Mass., and Helena U. Eaton of Cambridge, Rev. A. G. Fitz of South Paris, officiating. Mr. Simmons is a member of the Suffolk bar and Mrs. S. has been a successful teacher in the public schools of Cambridge. The newly wedded pair will make their home in Templeton, whither they departed Tuesday.

Two prisoners named Brown and Cates escaped from the jail Monday night. Jailer Parker, when he gave them their supper, bolted but did not lock their cell door, and they worked back the bolt and got into the entry. They then induced the other prisoner to feign sickness and make an outcry to arouse and call in the jailer and this they were successful. They had hid behind an old door that stood in the entry and after the jailer had passed in, leaving the outer door unlocked, they slipped out. They were awaiting the action of the October term of court for breaking and entering and would doubtless have had to serve a term in the State prison.

FRYEBURG CENTER.

Isaac Abbott, who has been very sick is improving.

Mrs. James Emerson, who has been confined to her room for three years with spinal disease, is failing.

Highland Park has 34 boarders, all the house can accommodate.

Rev. F. M. Alvord and wife of Friendship, N. Y., are visiting their son, Rev. O. F. Alvord, at North Fryeburg.

Frances Charles is visiting Mrs. B. C. Charles.

Patty Farrington is spending a few days with friends at Toll Bridge.

Tramps have created quite an excitement in town by attempts to break into the houses of Mrs. Sarah Bradley and Henry Tarbox at the village. They were discovered in both cases before an entrance was effected. The selectmen have appointed men in different parts of the town to look after suspicious characters, Howard Hurd in our vicinity.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

The boarders at the Dudley cottage and at Wm. H. Pearson's went to Albany Basin Wednesday, Aug. 11th. There were twenty in the party and were accompanied by the landlady, Mrs. Nellie B. Dudley. A picnic dinner was served at the Basin.

The school in district No. 7, Alice M. Felt, teacher, closed Aug. 19th. Joseph Harrington was not absent one day, and Maggie Lyden and Roscoe Swan were each absent but one day during the term of nine weeks.

Hon. E. E. Rand started last Monday for the Aroostook country, the land agent accompanied by the Council committee on public lands making their annual trip to that region, he being on said committee.

Work on the new dam and flume is about completed, and the timber is on the ground for the new saw mill.

Fred Scott, formerly station agent at this place, now stationed at West Paris, has moved his family to the latter place.

Moses Swan has moved on to his farm which he purchased of Lawson Cole on Bryant Hill.

Maud Merrill goes to Shelburne to work for W. F. Carr.

Stephen Buck is confined to the house sick. He is over 87 years of age and has had remarkable good health until within two weeks. We learn at this writing he is gaining.

The band is progressing finely, meeting two evenings in each week at Hotel Hall.

A number from here intend to attend the grove meeting at Bryant's Pond.

Our game wardens might find employment in this vicinity by looking after the miscreants who have been violating the game laws for the past two or three weeks. Those who have respect enough for the law to wait till Sept. 1st, will find it rather poor shooting I fear, judging from the almost constant fusilade that has been going on among the partridges for a month past. There are those in the world, alas, who, having no respect for themselves, have no respect for the rights of others and least of all do they regard so trifling and useless a matter as laws protecting others in their rights.

DIXFIELD.

People all done haying. A large crop has been harvested.

The corn shop started up Tuesday.

George H. Newman has been sick for a number of days.

Oliver Newman and wife of Lewiston were in town Monday.

Ned Stanley went to Bangor Monday.

Farmer White has the best 3 months old colt in town.

Some pieces of corn will be late on account of late kind of seed.

A few days ago Hosea Newton and La-Forest Waite lined some bees into a free in J. K. Holman's woods. After three hours of hard work they fell a huge maple and, lo! they had a fine wasp nest.

There are some good working oxen for sale in town.

Nelson Hanniford is new silling her house. Leroy Hall is doing the work.

BUCKFIELD.

STREAKED MOUNTAIN.—Several from this section went to South Paris to the base ball tournament.

Austin W. Royal and wife of Paris were at S. E. Monk's Sunday.

Harrison Dudley has bought a yoke of oxen.

Daniel Clark has bought a yearling heifer of the Hodgdon boys.

L. E. Monk went to Lewiston Monday, the 22d, with a load of blueberries and blackberries.

Wm. Bisbee and George W. Dunham have dissolved partnership, and the latter has moved back to his old place.

Ellis Whitman pronounces Al Dudley a good light weight hand in haying.

Bert Cummings of Paris Hill, who will occupy the place where Charles Maxim lives has been there cutting bushes.

Travel to the mountain still continues, generally those who live so near that they do not wish to spend the night there.

EAST HEBRON.

Rev. J. B. Jordan last Sunday preached from James iv, 8, a very able and affective discourse. The hall was filled and seats from the Temperance Hall were placed in the aisles and filled with eager listeners. In the p. m. he led a social meeting with much interest. At the close several rose for prayers and spoke of their desire and intention to be Christians.

Corn in this vicinity will be ready for the factory the present week. The Buckfield factory opens on Wednesday, the 24th.

Frank Haskell from Auburn brought his little son, who lives with Almon Record, a billy goat last Saturday.

Mrs. Hattie R. Davis with Ed Allen from Lynn, Mass., is stopping at her father's, Almon Record's.

The entire set of buildings belonging to Emerson Williams of Turner were burnt to the ground on Saturday evening. The fire caught in the barn.

The Good Templars propose to have a box supper on Tuesday evening, Aug. 30th, and give an invitation to all.

A couple of weddings are on the list of expectation in the near future.

Oats are being cut and are abundant and of good quality.

A very enjoyable picnic at Lake Grove Auburn, and a sail on the steamer on Lake Auburn was participated by the members of Sure Haven Lodge last Saturday.

The cheese factory near Chase's Mills will close work this week.

Howard Merrill's little twin son is sick.

Judith Randell is very feeble and the attending physician thinks her case quite critical.

WEST BETHEL.

Mrs. C. C. Allen and little daughter of Boston is here stopping at George Goodnoe's.

Mrs. L. Ordway who has been away several months caring for the sick and visiting relatives in another State has returned.

Henry Goodnoe is sick with cramp colic. He is 76 years old and such trouble has a severe effect on him.

Fred Shaw has a very nice piece of fodder corn and he intends to build a silo and pack it away green.

A new platform is being built around our station which was very much needed.

A. S. Bean has just received another carload of corn which by present appearances will last but a few days.

It is very unsafe for any one to try to jump on a horse without a steady head for the experiment was tried here a few days ago with laughable results.

L. E. Knowles, our barbar, is having a lot of customers of late and has the name of doing good work.

There was a small fight the other day by two fellows to settle a dispute. The result was not serious except several scratches received by falling against the wire fence.

D. B. Grover has bought a new mowing machine, the Eureka, which he prizes very highly.

ROXBURY.

C. P. Bartlett of Bethel is in town looking over his timber lands.

Dr. E. H. Durgin of Boston University of Medicine has been visiting in town the past week.

B. A. Swasey and wife of Canton were at Birch Brook Pond Saturday. He contemplates building a cottage on the shore of this pond, for which purpose he has purchased a strip of land 50 rods wide entirely around the pond. It will be used exclusively for breeding trout.

B. A. Knapp's father is suffering from erysipelas in the face.

ANDOVER.

Bearce & Wilson of Lewiston, and F. P. Thomas have gone on an exploring expedition to the lakes to look after timber land for the coming winter's operation.

Dr. Z. W. Twitchell last week made a return trip to the arm of the lake in two hours and fifty minutes.

Sam Black, who bought J. W. Wardwell out last week has lost no time in commencing business operations. Andover has felt the need of a millinery and dressmaking establishment for some time and Mr. Clark's wife, who has been at the business a number of years at Rangely, wishes to inform the public that she will open rooms in connection with her husband's store.

Rev. John Seeter preached the Episcopal service at the Methodist church last Sunday.

GRAFTON.

J. R. Howard has been spending the last week on his place in town cutting his hay. He brought his wife with him.

W. H. Johnson of Harrison, was in town engaging thrashing for the season. We think there will be a nice lot of grain especially oats.

Rev. S. S. York preached in the school house in Dist. No. 1 Aug. 21st. He also preached at the same place the 20th, making the first meetings they have had this season. L. A. B.

WATERFORD.

Sunday eve in the Cong. church Mrs. Barrett from Atlanta, Georgia, gave a description of the schools in the South.

Mrs. T. M. Kimball has a son.

John Kimball and Charlie Kingman have commenced threshing.

Picking and hauling sweet corn is the order of the day.

Augustus Morse and Frank Jordan have bought a large, nice sail boat.

Miss H. E. Douglass is taking a much needed vacation at Hallowell.

A. G. Morse has bought the stage line from South to East Waterford.

C. H. Kimball from N. Y., and Mr. Plummer, one of the managers of the Laurel House, New Jersey, have been stopping at Horace Porter's for a few days.

Fred Stone is at home from Houlton.

HARTFORD.

The Universalist Grove meeting, Sunday, Aug. 21, at Mechanic Falls, was largely attended. Seven full cars over the R. F. & B. Railroad, under the careful management of conductor Moore, none of the usual and vexatious delays and confusion were experienced by the passengers. The day and the service were all that could be desired. Canton Band and the Me. Falls choir were in attendance and furnished fine selections of music. The opening address on the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, by the Hon. Sidney Perham, was one of the best efforts. The morning sermon, by that eloquent and most lovable man, the Rev. Dr. Nye, of Pennsylvania, was listened to with rapt attention by the great congregation. The afternoon exercises consisted of a praise meeting of an hour, followed by an able sermon, by Rev. W. S. Perkins of Lewiston.

Hartford Free High school commenced Monday with fifty scholars under instruction of Geo. M. Goding of Bates 87, with Mrs. Susan Fogg as assistant.

DENMARK.

Summer company is leaving for the cities.

The Goldthwaites go back to Peabody this week.

Calvin Long, wife and child, went back to Nashua, N. H., last Monday.

Kate Ingalls and Elmore Swan and wife, went to Peak's Island last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Georgie Bennett and father, Mr. Cheney, have been on a visit to Tamworth, N. H.

George W. Moulton is visiting relatives in Exeter, N. H., and in Brownfield.

Lawyer M. L. Sanborn, of Boston, and his brother Freeman, who has been employed as conductor on a horse car in Boston, are visiting their parental home, Mr. and Mrs. Ephriam Sanborn.

Mrs. Nathaniel Wentworth is sick. She is visited by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Young, who are aged. Mr. Young is eighty-four years old, and Mrs. Y. seventy-eight. They drove with their team from Milton, N. H., a distance of over 70 miles. The horse is more than 20 years of age.

LOVELL.

Fredric Kimball died on Tuesday afternoon. The funeral was on Thursday, attended by Rev. J. W. Webster. Mr. Kimball has been a resident of this town for many years. He was respected by all who knew him, and his loss will be felt in the community.

Mrs. Zelmon Pray is very sick with but slight hopes of her recovery.

Christian Circle met on Tuesday with Mrs. Nellie Eastman. Congregational Circle meet on Thursday next with Mrs. Nellie Pottle. No. 4 Circle on Wednesday next, with Mrs. E. S. Hutchins.

Mr. Webster preached on Sunday p. m. at the school-house, at 4 o'clock.

Praise meeting Sunday evening at the church in the village.

Mr. Vance has caught some nice black bass recently, from Cushman's pond.

Nellie Hutchins of Cambridge, Mass., is in town.

John Stearns, formerly of this town, but now doing business in Saco, is stopping with S. L. Hatch. His family are with him. C. K. C.

WELCHVILLE.

S. M. Patterson, our blacksmith, is pushed hard with work at present. He has been obliged to turn away several horses that have come to his shop to be shod.

E. A. Cole has gone to Casco to work in the corn shop.

Howard Blake is at work for his brother-in-law at Spurr's Corner.

Mrs. R. S. Penley has returned home. She has been visiting her brother, Chas. Turner, at Sebattus. HAMILTON.

GILEAD.

Gilead does not feel inclined to remain quiet as your reporter supposed, for war broke out with a few of our ladies over a little trifle. Then being picked up by their husbands an arrest was made and following the arrest there was a knock down, then the parties went to Bethel for a settlement which was made without coming to trial.

Mrs. A. Griffin is very poorly.

Albert Brown has gone home for a short time.

Charlie Morse has a cousin and an aunt at his place on a visit.

The "Mountain Rills" had a fair a short time ago, said to be a good one.

Mrs. Ida Jewett and Alma Heath are on a visit to Lynn, Mass. Archie is visiting at Portland.

Our G. A. R. boys run up the stars and stripes in the village and started for Weirs last Monday.

David Keniston and family start this week to visit friends in Mass. MUNN.

EAST ANDOVER.

Mrs. J. L. Merrill had a very narrow escape from death last week. On retiring for the night she left the lamp burning low. Later some of the family passing the room smelled smoke and on opening the door found the room completely packed with smoke and Mrs. M. senseless on the bed, in which condition she remained for some time.

Mrs. George Laugdell and children have returned to Mass.

Lilla F. Dresser is visiting relatives in town.

Willard Newhall goes to Kansas this week.

Frank Clark and wife are spending a few weeks in town.

John Farmington is at home on a visit.

EAST WATERFORD.

Edward Hilton is suffering greatly with an inflammation of the eye.

Mrs. G. F. Ames has picked and sold blueberries to the value of $27. Mrs. Simon G. Richardson has picked on their own farm and in sight of their dwelling to the value of $25.

J. E. McIntire is in Nova Scotia buying lambs.

Bertie McIntire is in Canada on the same errand.

Large quantities of hay were drenched by the rain of last week as the meadows are many of them still to be cut and hard to come at on account of high water.

Johnson Haskell is doing a good business threshing at his mill.

Mr. Hilton, an aged gentleman, is in very poor health.

A man in the north part is badly troubled by 'coons destroying his corn. He called on Simon, the Presiding Elder, who has a fine coon dog to help exterminate the varmints. Throughout the long dreary night the Elder maintained his nocturnal vigil but becoming disgusted and disheartened by a lack of the requisite to replenish the inner man he rubbed the dog's nose with cheese rind so as to for a time destroy his instinct. So the varmints still go on with their depredations to the consternation of the proprietor who is utterly unable to hinder them in the least.

The Champion creamer is having large sales and uniervsally approbated in this vicinity.

WEST SUMNER.

Barrows Post G. A. R. will hold its annual camp fire on Tuesday, Aug. 30th at 10 a. m., in the grove near David Andrews' where it was held last year. Several good speakers are expected, West Paris band has offered its services gratis on the occasion and a good time is looked for. It is expected that South Paris Post will be present with its Capt., Judge, etc. Barrows Post was named in honor of Wm. A. Barrows, who was Capt. of Co. F. 9th Me. Vols. and was shot in the battle at Cold Harbor. He was one of five brothers who were in the service, two of whom were killed and the third lost a leg. One other father in Sumner sent five sons into the service Allen G. Abbott and one of whom died in Libby Prison. Sumner for a small town was well represented in the service. Five members were added to Barrows Post at its last meeting.

Geo. E. Pulsifer and E. G. Doble left Monday on a canvassing tour in Mass.

James A. Tuell and wife of South Paris were in town over Sunday.

Wm. L. Chase is at his mill in the north part of the town.

Emma McAllister has just closed a term of twelve weeks school in Woodstock.

The Stallion, Artemus, jr., owned by the Barrett Brothers, has returned to Portland after a very successful season in the stud.

Take a D. K. and be O. K. See ad. 13tf

HANOVER.

J. C. Dill has gone to Portland to clerk in Charles J. Walker & Co's. boot and shoe store.

Carter Graham and wife returned to their home in East Stroughton Friday.

Chas. Frost of Boston is in town.

J. C. Dill has sold his horse to Charles Brown of Bethel.

Etta Howe is going to New York to attend school the 25th.

R. J. Virgin and wife were in town Sunday.

Anderson Sauders is reported as gaining.

J. D. Russell and wife have returned from a visit to friends in New Hampshire.

Alice and Jennie Barker are going to Gorham, N. H., to visit friends.

Althia Fulsom closes her labors as housekeeper for Geo. A. Vergin and returns to her home in Milan, the 25th.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Rev. Miss C. E. Angell, of Norway, preached in this place last Sunday at 3 o'clock. There was a large and appreciative audience present. Services will be held at the hall next Sunday at the same hour.

Alice Stanwood has returned from New Hampshire where she has spent the past two weeks. Mamie Dore and Henry Cromlin of Boston are spending a few days with her at her home in this place.

A lawn party was given at the residence of Mr. Stanwood recently which was a very pleasant and social affair. Between thirty and forty persons were present. Ice cream and other refreshments were served and all hands voted it a grand good time. On Tuesday evening of last week a lawn party was given on the grounds of Charles Young which was also a very brilliant affair. Guests were present from Norway, Bridgton and Harrison. The grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns and the party expressed themselves as much pleased with their entertainment.

Frank Roberts and wife of Boston recently made a flying visit to this place, the guests of W. W. Watson.

The village school commence on Monday, Sept. 5th, under the instruction of Lilian Johnson of Norway who taught the Summer term with remarkable success.

Rev. Mr. Robinson is away for two week. His pulpit is not supplied in the meantime.

HEBRON.

Winnie Harden returned home from Mass. Wednesday of last week after enjoying a very pleasant visit with relatives.

Mrs. Esther Alden, of North Livermore is visiting Mrs. Lucy Turner.

Prof. Sargent and wife arrived from Freeport Thursday afternoon of last week.

E. S. Dunham and family were at Peak's Island last week.

Leonard Randall is painting Mrs. Turner's house. All are glad that she has fixed up her house so well.

The new Sabbath School books arrived last week and number 127 handsome bound volumes. A very nice book-case costing $10 was purchased of Mr. Perry at Mechanic Falls. Charlie Dodge is librarian.

A number attended the Universalist Grove Meeting at the Falls Sunday.

NORTH WEST NORWAY.

Mrs. James Jordan has congestion of the lungs but is gaining.

Bennie Dyer, the little five year old son of George Dyer, is sick with fever.

Rossie, the little son of James Frost, is sick.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gary have been to Lovell to the funeral of her sister's husband, Fred Kimball. He was a very worthy citizen and leaves a wife and one son to mourn his loss.

Orin Brown sold two nice colts to Charles Saunders of Everett, Mass.

H. P. Brown has gone to Portland and Yarmouth visiting relatives. Lester Knightly of Norway Center, is stopping at Mr. Brown's during his absence.

W. W. Blen and W. D. Canon, brother and brother-in-law of Mrs. Dyer, have been visiting at George Dyer's from Oakland.

Miss Stratton of Worcester, Mass., has been visiting at Herbert Holt's.

Mrs. Isaac McAllister has picked and sold nearly $20 worth of berries beside doing the housework for six in the family and taking care of the milk of four cows.

Mrs. Willie Gary, Mrs. Orin Brown and Mrs. Ira Johnson are making cheese. Mrs. S. W. Merrill is making very nice butter which she sends to Portland and Boston.

Mrs. S. W. Merrill is suffering severely from the effects of poison caused by putting hair-dressing on her hair. They were obliged to send for a physician last Monday night. She is improving.

BETHEL.

Dr. Wiley is dangerously ill. Physicians held a consultation Wednesday in his case and it is feared he may not recover.

Wednesday evening Esq. Hammons was in a critical condition. Paralysis is slowly creeping on.

The Boston Theatrical Company will commence a week's performance in Ideal Hall Monday evening next.

Hon. David Hammons had a slight shock of paralysis last Sunday, which effects his speech and also his limbs.

J. S. Lane was brought before Trial Justice J. G. Rich on complaint of Algenon Chapman for assault and threats and was fined $5 and costs and required to give bonds to keep the peace, from which decision he appealed.

A. E. Herrick. S. F. Gibson.

George Fox was bound over to the Supreme Court by Trial Justice Rich for assault upon Herbert M. Kendall last week.

David Hammons. A. E. Herrick.

A daughter of Dr. Charles O'Brion, of Groveton, N. H., five years old, was sick week before last, and told her parents she was going to die; and later on had them all come to her bed side and kissed them good bye; she died last week Sunday. It was looked upon as a wonderful thing that this little girl who had scarcely heard of death should have a presentiment of death. Dr. O'Brion is a son of D. W. O'Brion, of Cornish, who is a brother of Hon. David Hammons' wife of Bethel.

Our corn factory opens up to-day (Friday.)

We received a very pleasant call from Lemuel Dunham of Bryant's Pond, a local correspondent of the *Democrat* and *Telephone* and a correspondent of several other papers; He has published a small juvenile work called "Bible Alphabets and Numbers," which has considerable literary merit, and which he intends to embelish with colored pictures of appropriate ideas representing the subject of the work and when so illustrated will be a curious and instructive work for children.

Very few farmers are entirely through haying; there are large meadows yet to be cut.

RUMFORD.

Rev. C. A. Hayden of Auburn will preach in this place Aug. 28th, at 3 p. m. Let the house be well filled.

Mrs. Joseph Simpson was hooked quite badly Sunday while taking care of a cow. She was tossed against the floor above on the cow's horns, cutting a gash four inches long and one inch in depth in her side. She was alone nearly an hour. Finally Freeland Knight and wife were signalled on their way home from church and assistance was soon at hand.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Noyes Drug Store.

BRYANT'S POND.

A large Grove meeting is anticipated here next Sunday. In addition to other popular preachers Rev. C. A. Hayden of Auburn, has arranged to be present.

List of arrivals at Lakeside Cottage:—E. F. Britton and wife, Boston; S. L. George and wife, South Boston; J. Britton and wife, Cambridge, Mass.; W. C. Grout, Boston.

C. R. Houghton, our hardware merchant, is selling off his immense stock of goods at cost and his store is thronged with customers securing the great bargains. Mr. Houghton is to move his business to Canton.

We are glad to learn that Alden Chase, esq., has decided to purchase a stand in this village instead of leaving town as he expected.

School in the Curtis district taught by Emma McAllister of West Sumner, closed last Friday after a successful term of twelve weeks. The names of scholars not missing one half day are Ina Curtis, Iza Curtis, Flora Curtis, Ada Curtis and Luella F. Bacon.

The fall term of school in the Dunham district has been engaged by Eliza Felt to commence Aug. 29th. This will be Miss Felt's third term in town this summer, which speaks well for her success as a teacher.

Mrs. Isaac Curtis, formerly of this town, met with a severe accident last week by falling through a loose floor while hunting for eggs. She is unable to sit up yet.

S. B. Curtis is putting a second story on his house.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Strengthen the System

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

NORTH RUMFORD.

There is a fox on the Intervale which is having a fine time with the poultry. He has caught 16 turkeys and 4 goslings for Sidney Howe, 3 turkeys for Y. A. Thurston, 8 for H. E. Hutchins and is still at large.

Several from the Andover band came down last Saturday eve and played with our boys.

H. E. Hutchins has cut the hay on two farms this year and now has taken some more of Henry Abbott.

About a week since I saw on an apple tree some perfect blossoms.

Y. A. Thurston's mother who has been stopping with him for a few days, has returned to her home in Errol.

Aunt Polly Holt has been visiting on the "river."

A good many who thought they were going to finish haying the 20th were disappointed. "More than I thought there was" is the common saying.

Simpson, stage driver to Locke's Mills is being well patronized. He drives a good team, is gentlemanly and obliging and has one of the prettiest routes about here.

Several from town will attend. Bethel Academy this fall term. JEM KEEN.

Eastern Land Conveyances.

J. F. STANLEY, Register, Paris, Me.

ANDOVER.—A. M. Purinton to W. W. Barnes, $1,000.

BETHEL.—Samuel Hillard et al. to F. E. Carpenter, $600; Daniel Glines to Daniel A. Glines, 200; S. E. Chapman to M. G. Chapman, 100; R. Hadikan to F. J. Tyler, 150.

BUCKFIELD.—M. A. Allen to Cyrus Briggs, $1,200.

GREENWOOD.—S. Rowe to V. E. Swan $275.

HARTFORD.—C. C. Spaulding to J. E. Starbird, $232.

NORWAY.—N. F. Judkins to W. A. French, $220.

PARIS.—H. N. Bolster to R. C. Sumner, $225; J. K. Hammonds et al. to G. F. Bumpus, 200.

WATERFORD.—J. B. Rand et al. to Amos French, $50; Geo. C. Wheeler to A. L. Wheeler, 1,000.

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cent a bottle at Noyes' Drug Store.

BOIL IT DOWN!

WELL, HERE IT IS ALL BOILED.

D. K. means Dr. Mark Woodbury's Dyspepsia Killers.

D. K.'S WILL CURE ALL STOMACH TROUBLES.

This is condensed truth. Act upon it. Get a box of D. K.'s and be cured. They cost only 50 cents a box or 25 cents for a trial box mailed to any part of the United States on receipt of price. by DOOLITTLE & SMITH, 24 and 26 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A 1 Gallon Can Full

OF

The Best Kerosene, 40 cts.

W. C. LEAVITT.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—Aug. 22d, A. D. 1887.

This is to give notice, that on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1887, a warrant in insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of Charles E. Cousens, of Fryeburg, in said county, adjudged to be an insolvent debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1887, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law;

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtor to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1887, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

WALDO M. BENTON, Deputy Sheriff as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency, for said County of Oxford. 34-35

TEACHERS' MEETING!

The next meeting of the Oxford Co.,

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Will be held at BRYANT'S POND, ME., on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16 and 17. Free entertainment will be furnished to teachers. Let there be a full meeting.

Per Order Ex. Com.

FOR SALE By E. Stephens a large mare with foal, all sound, good worker, and used to working on machine, about 14 years old. I also have three fox hounds one year old for sale; very fine bred dogs, and also two old dogs and three pups, they are fine bred and will run all day and night. One is a fine coon dog. E. STEPHENS, Bryant's Pond.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st N. Y.

THE FALL TERM OF THE

Norway High School,

WILL BEGIN

Tuesday, September 6, 1887.

and continue ten weeks.

INSTRUCTORS.

PRINCIPAL:

M. H. SMALL, A. B.

Miss MARY E. PRAY, A. B., Ass't.

Miss ANNIE PARKES, Teacher Grammar School.

Miss NELLIE ANDREWS, Teacher Intermediate School.

☞Terms as usual. For further information inquire of the Principal, or C. F. Whitman, Esq., Norway, Me.

August 12, 1887. 32-34

THE FALL TERM

GOULD'S ACADEMY,

BETHEL, ME.,

WILL BEGIN

Tues. Aug. 30, & end Wed. Nov. 23, 1887.

The Trustees are pleased to announce that they have securde the services of the former Principal, W. R. HOWARD, for another year. He will be assisted by Miss L. R. ESSEX, a graduate of Smith College, who will teach Latin and Greek, and by Miss CLARIBEL MOULTON, who will teach Elocution, French, and German. Miss Moulton has made a specialty of these branches, and comes highly recommended.

Music and Painting will be taught as formerly, by Miss LAURA C. HALL, a graduate of the N. E. Conservatory of Music. Other teachers will be secured if required.

TUITION:

English per Term,	$6.00
Languages per Term,	7.00
Music per Term	10.00
Painting per Term,	8.00

Good board can be obtained at reasonable rates in private families in the village.

For further information apply to

W. R. HOWARD, Principal,

32tf Belfast, Me.

Swan & Cobb

FINE

PORTRAIT

AND

VIEW PHOTOGRAPHY

COTTAGE ST., NORWAY.

Clothes and Farm Baskets

At GREENE & CO.

Buy KIRK'S EXTRACT OF SOAP, the best washing preparation on record and comes cheaper than any other kind. Buy a pound of English Blended Tea and get your moneys worth.

We do not advertise our prices in the paper but we can make them as low as any one if you will call at our store.

A. C. Greene & Co.

196 pounds

OF

FLOUR

THAT DEFIES COMPETITION FOR

FIVE DOLLARS.

FRUIT JARS

Of all sizes at wholesale prices.

-MIXED SPICES-

For your pickles. Call on

BROOKS & BUCK

THE GROCERS,

140 Main St., Norway.

Go to Mrs. W Moore's

For your Fancy Goods, Neckwear, Laces, Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Bustles, Ready-made Underwear, Yarns, Worsteds, Crewels, all kinds Canvass, including Java, Honey-comb and Congress, Plush Ornaments for Fancy Work, Arrosene, Chenille, Tinsel, Fancy Cords, Banner Rods, Hair Goods

All orders by mail promptly attended to. Stamping done to order. If you do not see what you want call for it as my store is not large enough to display all goods. 113 Main Street.

WILL WONDERS EVER CEASE?

The most desirable Wedding, Birthday or Holiday Present is the

Oxford Student Chair,

Containing a Parlor, Library, Smoking or Reclining or Invalid Chair, Lounge Bed or Couch. Manufactured and sold by the

Oxford Student Chair Co., Norway, Me.

P. O. BOX 159.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY YOUR

Hoes, Garden Rakes & Forks,

Shovels, Spades, Augers, Bits, Chisels, Planes,

Wrenches, Screwdrivers, Door Rolls, Hangers and Track. Bolts and Washers.

HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS,

From a one ounce Tack to a 60 penny Spike, or from a No. 00 Air-tight Stove to a Furnace large enough to heat a whole Block.

☞Good Goods, Low Prices, Kind Treatment, and *EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.*

The liberal patronage which the public has given me for the past 23 years, encourages me to keep a *FULL STOCK* of the above goods at

138 Main Street, - - Norway, Me.

1804. **HEBRON ACADEMY.** 1887.

The eighty-fourth year of Hebron Academy will open its Fall Term, Aug. 30, 1887, under the same board of instruction as for the two years past as follows:

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

PRINCIPAL:

WILLIAM E. SARGENT, A. M., Latin, Greek, Rhetoric, and Ancient History.

PRECEPTRESS:

NELLIE L. WHITMAN, Mathematics, Book-Keeping, and Latin.

ASSISTANTS:

GEORGE P. PHENIX, A. B., Sciences, French, and History.

A. W. CLARK, Penmanship.

MELLIE E. JORDAN, Eng. Composition, Grammar, Arithmetic, Etc.

The school offers the advantages of three courses of study: the College, Classical, and English.

The College Course contains the requirements for admission to Colby University and most New England colleges. The time and studies of this course are such as to give a fine preparation for college.

The Clasical Course is intended to furnish such studies as will fit one for active life. It is intended to furnish the key that will unlock the door of whatever special work one may afterwards wish to enter.

The English Course is specially intended for those who do elementary work in in our common schools.

Wherever acquirements permit, students can enter advanced classes.

There is also a Preparatory Class, which is simply to prepare those whose advantages have been poor to enter the regular courses.

For further information, or to engage board or rooms, address the Principal, Rev. C. E. HARDEN, or the Secretary.

32-35 Z. L. PACKARD, Sec'y, Hebron, Me.

DO YOU WANT GOOD TEA?

As a summer beverage, or a beverage all the year round, nothing is better than

GOOD TEA!

This can be had at

GILBERT & FOSS' STORE.

They have the best Tea of any store and at prices that cannot fail to suit. All the

LEADING BRANDS OF COFFEE!

kept in stock and sold at low prices. Remember the place,

GILBERT & FOSS,

Old Bakery Store, - - Norway, Me.

SCIENCE HAS REVEALED MANY VALUABLE SECRETS TO MANKIND BUT NONE OF SUCH VALUE AS

The Art of Preserving Fruits

Mason has aided science by inventing and perfecting a Fruit Jar that is perfection.

The above Jars are for sale at the lowest prices on record at

C. G. MASON'S

That Pernicious Pest
Who Perniciously Pests
And Impertinently Plagues
The Pertinent Woman } **The Fly.**

CAN BE CAUGHT & EXTERMINATED IN THE TRAPS KEPT BY

C. G. MASON.

F. C. Briggs' Drives.

I offer for the next two weeks the following extraordinary trades:

Drive No. 1.

A Oolong Tea for 40 cents. A great trade.

Drive No. 2.

A Pure Molasses for 25 cents per gal. that you can not match for 40 cents. Now is the time to buy molasses.

Drive No. 3.

Salt Pork and Corned Beef. Prices on these two articles I will make so low that you will be sure to buy. The Pork I packed myself. The Beef is Native and Western Ox that I corned myself. Farmers, now is your time to put in your Pork and Beef for haying.

Drive No. 4.

Green Fruit of all kinds. Bananas, 20 to 30 cents per doz. Oranges and Lemons, 15 to 30 cents per doz. All other fruit in proportion.

Drive No. 5.

Confectionery, Nuts, etc., Pure mixed Candy, 12 cents per lb. All kinds of nuts 15 cents, except peanuts which I sell for 8 cents per qt.

Drive No. 6.

Canned Goods of all kinds at extremely low prices. Special attention I call to the prices on Flour, Raisins, Granulated Sugar, etc., etc., at

F. C. BRIGGS' Tea & Coffee Store.

☞Farmers, I will take your butter etc. in exchange for goods.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1887.

CHARLES G. MASON, Executor on the estate of Mary A. Mason, late of Norway, in said county, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Co. Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of September next, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same same should not be allowed.

34-36 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

OXFORD, ss:—At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1887.

On the petition of Increase S. Robinson, Guardian of Mary A. Robinson, an insane person, formerly of Waterford in said county, praying for license to sell and convey certain real estate described in his petition on file in the Probate Office, at an advantageous offer of one hundred twelve dollars and fifty cents, the proceeds to be invested for the support of said ward:

ORDERED, That the said petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing an abstract of his petition, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, a newspaper printed at Norway, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

34-36 GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—August 22d, A. D. 1887.

This is to give notice, that on the twenty-second day of August, A. D. 1887, a Warrant in Insovency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Oxford, against the estate of Elbridge G. Evans, of Oxford, in sadi county, adjudged to be an insolvent debtor, on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 8th day of August, A. D. 1887, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him are forbidden by law.

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1887, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

JAMES L. PARKER, Dep'y Sheriff as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford. 34-35

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—August 22d, A. D. 1887.

This is to give notice that on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1887, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Oxford, against the estate of Holden & Jones, of Paris, in said county, adjudged to be Insolvent Debtors, on petition of said debtors, which petition was filed on the 17th day of August, A. D. 1887, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtors, to them or for their use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by them are forbidden by law.

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtors, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of their estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1887, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

E. F. STONE, Deputy Sheriff as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said Oxford County. 34-35

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—August 22d, A. D. 1887.

This is to give notice, that on the 22d day of August, A. D. 1887, a warrant in insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford, against the estate of Silas McKeen, of Stoneham, in said county, adjudged to be an Insolvent debtor on petition of said debtor, which petition was filed on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1887, to which last named date interest on claims is to be computed;

That the payment of any debts and the delivery and transfer of any property belonging to said debtor, to him or for his use, and the delivery and transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law;

That a meeting of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts, and choose one or more Assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency, to be holden at Paris, in said county, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1887, at nine o'clock in the forenoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written.

JAMES L. PARKER, Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Oxford. 34-35

LEAVITT'S CORNER.

I have on my shelves for Sale, at reasonable prices,

Tin Ware,
The Best
In Town.
Pails
Tin 25 cts.
Wood 15 cts.
Fibre 50 cts.
XXXX Tin 75 cts.
Good Tin 35 cts.
Bread Raisers.
Old Fashioned Steamers.
Hoop Covers.
Bake Pans.
All sizes.

W. C. LEAVITT.

A 10 Gallon Can Full

OF

Of Best Kerosene, with Brass Faucet, $3.50.

W. C. LEAVITT, - - - Norway, Me.

Oxford County Advertiser.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1887.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

Mrs. J. T. Crooker and daughter of South Boston are visiting in town.

Raisins at Towne's.

Allen J. Crooker has had a pension granted.

Dr. O. A. Wilkins of Lowell, Mass., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. D. J. Osgood of New York is visiting relatives in town.

Call at Smiley Brothers and buy a carpet at a marked down price.

Ex-Gov. Garcelon was in town Saturday.

F. S. Gammon and brothers will cut 70 tons of hay this year.

Miss Annie Witt is visiting friends in Worcester, Mass.

Ex-Gov. Eustis of Dixfield, was in town last week.

Call at Nevers' for nice cigars.

Forty people took dinner at Dr. Jones' tent on the east side of the lake Sunday.

And behold there is one Moore among us even Andrew.

A gold scarf pin lost on Cottage street. The finder is requested to return it to Mrs. M. E. Woodsum and be rewarded.

Herbert Hillier was seen on the street with a nobby baby carriage of his own manufacture.

Nevers wants every smoker to call and fill his pipe.

Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge No. 18, F. & A. M., Monday evening, Aug. 29.

Towne has his confectionery fresh every week.

Carrie Turner, who has been working in the shoe factory, has gone on a vacation to her home in Massachusetts.

H. H. Williams, station agent of B. & P. railroad at Jamaica Plains, Mass., has been visiting friends in this vicinity.

Smiley Brothers have a large stock of Jerseys which they have marked down. It will pay you to look at them.

Moses A. Mason of Bethel spent the Sabbath with his nephew Charles G. Mason.

Call for prize hat at W. & W's.

Stated convocation of Union Royal Arch Chapter, Wednesday evening Aug. 31: work on P. M. degree.

Call at Nevers' for nice soaps.

Henry Freeman and Chas. Johnson, who have been at Dover, N. H., have returned during the strike.

Fancy woolen shirts at W. & W's.

Mrs. S. A. Chadwick of Leadville, Col., is visiting at Mrs. Jackson Clark's. Mrs. Chadwick was the daughter of Joseph Bennett.

Vivian W. Hills and wife are visiting Down East. They will stop at Union, Rockland, Portland, Old Orchard and Boston.

Fresh lot of canned goods at Towne's this week.

Driver Caldwell, of the Greenwood stage, brought us yellow field corn that was in condition to boil Aug. 13th. He has a fine piece of corn.

Try some of Towne's tea and you will use no other.

The Norway Kid Nine played the similar nine of South Paris last Saturday. The score was 22 to 1 in favor of the Norway team. The boys were jubilant.

The bankrupt stock of millinery goods of Mrs. M. E. Woodsum is being sold out at the store lately occupied by Brackett's Branch. Miss Hilda Pike has charge of the sale. C. E. Holt, esq., is assignee.

Parties camping will find just what they want to take into camp at the popular grocery kept by Brooks & Buck's.

Dea. John F. Stearns, wife, son and daughter of Saco have been visiting at Dr. Jones's. They have spent some time on the lake. Mr. Stearns is a brother of Mrs. Dr. Jones.

A. P. Beam and family from South Acton, Mass., are at her sister's, Mrs. Orin Kimball's; also C. J. Holton of of West Acton, Mass., is visiting friends in this place.

Vacation being over at the lower church, regular services will be expected from this time forward. Next Sunday will be supplied by J. B. Carruthers from North Yarmouth.

Call at Smiley Brothers while they are having a Special sale.

The first load of sweet corn passed through the village to the Paris corn factory Monday. It was hauled by W. C. Hobbs.

C. E. Rines, the baker, confectioner, etc., made one hundred weight of confectionery Friday last. He finds a ready sale in this and adjoining towns.

M. H. Small, A. B., of Wilton, the High School teacher has arrived and is making hosts of friends. The fall term begins Sept. 5, and appearances indicate a large attendance and a successful term.

C. E. Gammon picked up a lap robe in the road between Frost Corner and the Brooks' meadow. The owner can have the same by calling on him and paying for advertising.

Big mark down in light weight clothing at W. & W's.

David W. Frost recently found a monster egg, the product of one of his hens. The egg, when broke, was found to contain a second egg of fair dimension, with a perfect shell.

All wool wedding pants at W. & W's.

Does that watch gain? If so take it to Hills, the new jeweller and watchmaker, and have it adjusted and put in shape to keep time in a proper manner.

Choice tobacco and cigars at Towne's.

The municipal officers drew the jurymen for the Oct. Term of the Supreme Judicial Court Saturday. John H. Millett was drawn for the grand jury and F. T. Green and Horace Cole for the traverse jury.

Mrs. J. B. Hazen has some fine Brahma chicks for sale.

John B. Hazen has sold his house to Herbert Richardson and has bought a cottage near the Pine Grove House in Waterford where he is to move his family.

Read Webb & Wakefield's Ad. in this issue

A large number of horsemen were in town Wendesday and Thursday. The track has been busy for the two weeks past and the flyers have been preparing for the contest. We go to press too early to give a report of Thursday's races. We shall give a full report next week.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa at Towne's.

Chas. Cates and O. W. Brown, precocious youths, confined in Paris jail for breaking and entering, broke out of jail last Monday night and are now at liberty. The boys are aged respectively 17 and 15 years. They tore down the chimney but were unable to get out that way therefore they took out a rod from their iron bedstead and by chipping out some of the mason work around the door they pried back the bolts and were free from the confinement of the cell. Then a ruse was put up on the jailer. The young horse-thief, aged 15 summers, who occupied the other cell was induced to make believe sick and to raise the jailer. Mr. Parker inspired, with the philanthropic motive to relieve the sick and the distressed arose from his slumbers as did Mrs. P. and ginger tea was made to relieve the sickness of this unfortunate member of their family. Mr. P. opened the jail and carried in the tea to the sick boy. He did not lock the gate or door after him as he supposed the other bad boys were secure in their cell. The kind hearted jailer hears a rustling and thinks he is followed by his wife. He turns to welcome her and as he does so he sees the truant jail breakers running down the stairs and they are soon lost in the darkness. They take a course due west toward West Paris. A message was sent to officer Bassett of Norway, of the escape and a guard was posted that night but the boys did not turn up. Postal cards have been printed and sent out and every effort is being used to re-take them. No blame is attached to the jailer Parker in the least and if the boys are never found the county or country will sustain no great loss and we shall be relieved of the harassing possibility of having our beautiful county jail demolished.

F. W. Hills have purchased of C. G. Mason all the silver and plated ware he had and now places the same on the market at low prices. Call at Hill's and examine his stock of silver and gold ware.

C. W. Whitehouse of Topsham was in town last week.

All the new vegetables, green corn and some of the nicest squash you ever saw, at Brooks & Buck's.

The Gibson Farm is to be sold at auction Saturday, Sept. 3, at 1 o'clock p. m.

O. H. Spaulding has sold the Norway Steam Laundry to a Mechanic Falls man.

Judge C. F. Whitman and family are camping out at their cottage on the Lake.

Josiah Danforth of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who has been visiting his relatives in this vicinity, has returned.

Susie and Hattie Drake of Union, who have been working in the shoe factory, return to their home Friday.

Chas. A. Woodbury, who has been at work in Martin & French's shoe shop in Dover, is home on a visit. He came home before the recent strike in that shop.

Mrs. May Alrich and son with relatives from Coaticooke, P. Q., are stopping at Bacon's Bay, Massawippi Lake, a place of considerable note in Canada as a summer resort.

If you want to get some of the best early apples in the market either for cooking or eating, Brooks & Buck are selling that kind.

The new boilers have arrived at the tannery. They are big ones, some six feet in diameter. Two of them have the same capacity of the four they are taking out. The tannery of course is shut down now waiting the setting of the boilers.

It rained Wednesday but the Greenwood Ice Cave party went just the same. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. P. Jordan and son; Harry Lane; Mrs. Margie Favor; Mary Knightly; Mrs. Harwood and Mrs. H. L. Libby. O. M. Cummings acted as teamster and escort.

Arthur Woodsum has built him a canvass boat. Arthur did the work himself and has made a very creditable craft. The Woodsums take to boats as naturally as ducks to water. The Woodsum Brothers at Lake Sunapee, N. H., have recently launched a big steam boat on that lake.

We have received a copy of the Callaway (Neb.) *Standard* through the kindness of H. H. Andrews. This paper shows the unprecidented growth of Callaway and its natural advantages as a commercial center. Mr. Andrews is cashier of the bank in that village, also secretary of the Milling and Manufacturing Company.

S. D. Andrews has for sale the following named property which he wishes to dispose of before he leaves for the West this fall. One two story house with seven rooms well finished and nearly new. Water in the house. One two story house, double tenement, with twelve rooms all nicely finished. Two house lots on Green St. Six hundred and forty acres of woodland on Crooked river in Norway. Two farms in Otisfield, one being the Thurston farm which cuts twelve tons of hay and has a large orchard, pasturage and woodland. The other farm has a good set of buildings and cuts over twenty tons of hay, and has a large lot of wood, timber and pasture land. Also eight cords of nice stove wood paraded on the Harrison stage road to be delivered or sold where it is. All of the above named property will be sold at a bargain and on easy terms.

CARD OF THANKS.

We hereby wish to express our sincere thanks to the many friends who so kindly aided us during the sickness and death of our beloved mother, Mrs. M. A. Goddard.

MR. & MRS. F. E. WHEELER,
MARY H. CHAPMAN.

South Paris, Aug. 18, 1887.

SOUTH PARIS.

William P. Morton, who has been spending the summer in Lebanon, N. H., has returned. Mr. Morton has filled the position of ornamental painter in the Lebanon Sled Company.

A petition to the selectmen has been circulated and has been largely signed for a street to be laid out from Paris St. at the covered bridge to Newell Porter's on High street. The street is much needed.

One of the queries one heard upon the street last week was, "has the confines of Oxford County been enlarged?" We should judge they had if the imported base ball men for the championship of the County are to be reckoned in.

The Paris Manufacturing Company recently shipped an invoice of toboggans to Bridgeport, Conn., which are to be used in a novel manner. A steep chute is built down to the water and the toboggan furnished with small rollers on which the coasters shoot with great rapidity to the edge of the water. The toboggan on striking the water skips—very much as a boy skips a rock, out some fifty or sixty feet and then sinks immersing its load. What next?

The Grand Trunk Railway Company are to build coat sheds and an engine house below the depot and on the line of the Norway Branch, so that the Branch trains will not have to use the main lines. A freight house will be built above the present station. It is rumored that there is talk at railroad headquarters of the removal of the locomotive repair shops from Gorham to this place.

"What ailed our base ball boys at the tournament?" is now one of the questions of the day.

Tytherleigh, the fish man comes out with a novel awning over his cart.

The Paris Manufacturing Company are now putting in a new line of goods for the pleasure of children upon the market. —a swing. There are several sizes and they can be placed anywhere. They consist of four standards from ten to fifteen feet in height from which is suspended a

steppers of the State of Maine and the Maritime Provinces have been entered. The exhibition entries in the horse, cattle sheep, mechanical, industrial and art departments are unprecedentedly large and one of the finest exhibitions ever held in Maine is assured. All railroads and steamboats in Maine and New Brunswick will sell round trip excursion tickets to Bangor during the week of Fair.

Secretary and Mrs. Whitney have accepted an invitation from the officers of the Eastern Maine State Fair to come from Bar Harbor to Bangor, for the purpose of visiting the Fair Grounds the second day of the exhibition, Wednesday Aug. 31st.

Secretary and Mrs. Fairchild will arrive in Bar Harbor Aug. 30th. Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild have been invited to attend the Fair and it is expected they will accompany the party. Hon. Calvin Frost, of New York, and a few of the prominent summer residents of Maine's great summer resort will accompany the distinguished guests.

General Manager Payson Tucker has arranged to take the party to Bangor and return on a special train with one of Pullman's best parlor cars.

Wednesday will be Governor's day and Governor Bodwell and staff are expected to be present.

The Lakeside Resorts.

What is said. The Week's Doings. New Steamer. The Naval Parade and Illuminations. Goat Island Menu, etc.

"Yes, we are to build six or more cottages for next season or at least we think of it," said a lakeside land owner. "We could have rented several this summer. Hardly a day passes but we have application for permission to put up tents. Of course we give permission but had we the cottages the parties would take them in preference to tenting," said the gentleman.

"What kind of houses are you to put up?"

"Well, we haven't fully decided but they will be good, plain affairs. Something that can be rented cheap as people who come here prefer that kind."

"There are lots of people in Boston and other cities who can't afford to spend a month at the Poland Spring House, Bar Harbor, or Old Orchard, who would be glad to come here and spend their vacation. The expense would be within their means and then too they would avoid the crowd. They would have the most beautiful lake in the State to sail on and the black bass and pickerel fishing is unsurpassed," said our enthusiast.

Another Steamboat.

Probably a steam yacht will be added to the fleet next year. Prof. C. A. Stephens, who owns a fine residence near the lake, is to put on a private yacht to accommodate his family and friends.

The Illuminations.

The cottages were illuminated Friday evening and presented a fine appearance. The evening was delightful. Made to order for such an exhibition on the water.

Pine Lodge was brilliantly lighted up with Chinese lanterns being hung in lines on the shore, about the cottage and from tree to tree.

Gibson's Grove was surrounded by a line of bright lights and Chinese lanterns while Bass Island was all aglow. Headquarters of the naval procession was made here. A line of boats bearing transparencies and Chinese lanterns was taken in tow by Capt. Newman's steamer and made the circuit of the Islands, making a fine display. Fireworks were sent off on Bass Island and altogether it was a very creditable impromptu affair originating with the D. L. C.

The Sunday Visitors.

It is impossible for us to give the names of all the persons who were on the lake last Sabbath. Through the courtesy of Freeland Howe, esq., we were able to give our readers almost a complete register of the visitors of the Sunday previous. It numbered nearly two hundred persons but we feel confident that the number last Sunday was more than the week before. There was a large party at every cottage and tent. Boats were numerous. From ten to sixteen boats could be seen on the lake from Goat Island at any time during the day. There seems to be a marked increase in the number of sailing crafts. Ten sails were counted at one time. Two years ago there were but two sail boats on the lake.

At Goat Island there was a large party, all of C. B. Cumming's family except Charles S. and wife; among the invited guests, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Tibbetts and two daughters of Fryeburg; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holt of Norway, and the scribe and wife. The tables at Goat Island fairly groaned under the pressure of the extensive bill of fare, only a part of which we are able to enumerate as the French cook, who presides over the cuisine in this establishment accidently lost several courses by the goats making a raid into the kitchen.

GOAT ISLAND DINNER.

Menu.	
SOUP.	
Polly wog,	A la tree toad.
Field mouse broth,	Plain.
FISH.	
Jelly,	Sun,
Whale,	Elephant,
Bull Thistle sauce.	
VEGETABLES.	
Artichokes,	Gubors,
Goats,	Poppy Seeds,
Ground Nut,	Rye,
Oats,	Blue Grass,
White Top.	
ENTREE.	
Goat Salad,	Goat Pie,
Tip birds on toast,	Horn Pout chowder,
Goat Pickle,	Woodchuck Chop,
Fricasseed Owl with feathers on,	
Bear Sunlein,	Bear stump,
Bear Tenderloin,	Button Hook,
Fennesseewassee Mystery,	Turtle Drops.
RELISHES.	
Goats,	Colts,
Woodchucks,	Hedge Hogs,
Wood Lice,	Flies,
Beatles,	Ants,
Mosquitoes' Tongues.	

The balance of the steam was demolished by the incursion as above stated.

The West Paris Boom.

The boom has really got here. In fact it has been here near upon two years or ever since the building of the new chair factory. Business is good. Sixty or more hands find work in the factory outside of H. J. Brown's mill.

A new twenty horse power, Allen & Son's boiler is being put in to heat the chair factory by steam. J. W. Penney & Sons of Mechanic Falls are doing the work or at least their Mr. Harwood is at work there.

The factory is to be lighted with electricity. At least this is the talk. It will make a big saving on insurance. Both factories are to be so lighted.

The building boom is at its height. Three new and commodious stores have been built since last spring. C. Howard Lane, groceries, and J. C. Andrews, hardware, are already in theirs, while I. F. Emmons will be ready to open his in a week or so. All these stores are well built. Mr. Emmons has put out a good sum of money in building his and has a fine store and residence.

Two new houses have been built this season and the foundation for the second one is well under way.

The rent recently vacated by C. Howard Lane is occupied as a store by Mrs. Buckman, the owner of the property. She is talking of putting in a drug store. At present she has a stock of general merchandise.

Samuel J. Caldwell not only runs the Maple House but he keeps a meat market in Mechanic's Row, near the post office. He drives a cart into the adjoining country.

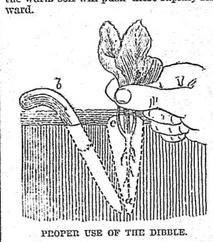
C. H. Young, the artist, has a good share of business and is taking accurate likenesses. He does good work. He can make you look pretty and take the wrinkles all out of your face in the picture if you want him to.

A. J. Curtis' lease of the grist mill is soon to expire and we understand he is to retire from that business. We trust he has made a competency. Probably Mr. S. B. Locke will run the mill. At any rate the mill won't be closed.

Mr. S. B. Locke's herd of Jerseys is worth seeing. He takes great interest in them. Undoubtedly he has the best blooded stock there is. Nothing in the Jersey line is considered to be better than the St Lambert strain. We were permitted to place our hands on Nina Pogis and to pet the calf near by. "Nina" is three and a half years old. When she was a calf three months old, Mr. C. H. Vanness of New York paid $1,500.00 for her. She is pure St. Lambert and comes from the best butter making strain in the world. Mr. Locke paid $500.00 for her in New York last spring. The mother of Nina Pogis sold for $3,800.00. This is a big sum of money, but it is nevertheless true. The calf of Nina Pogis is considered to be worth $300.00 to-day. It was sired by Bijous' Roses Pogis who took first premium at the New York State Fair, and the service, fee and expenses to Mr. Van Ness was $200.00. It is a very promising calf. Mr. Locke has an imported cow, "Comfort," 10 years old that made 13 pounds of butter on the Island of Jersey in seven days—Jersey standard of weight, which is equal to 14 pounds American weight. Mr. Locke has 12 head of American Jersey Cattle Club stock and he is enthusiastic over this breed for butter making qualities. No doubt farmers can make it pay in raising Jerseys for dairying.

When plants are removed from the soil in which the seed germinated, a considerable shock is experienced unless great care is exercised in transplanting them to their new bed. The important operation of transplanting is properly performed when the equilibrium between the functions of the roots and the leaves is soonest re-established. If plants are transplanted to a wet and particularly heavy soil, the part pressed to the roots will bake and contract, leaving open spaces near the roots. The earth into which plants are to be shifted should be freshly dug, as this seems to encourage an early emission of young rootlets; and it should be as fine as possible, so that every part of the roots may come in contact with soil and moisture.

If the earth has been freshly stirred and is moist enough to allow planting holes to be made by the dibble, without caving in, and the soil is not very sandy, new roots will soon begin to grow, and the warm soil will push these rapidly forward.



PROPER USE OF THE DIBBLE.

A. Oemler, in some very sound advice given to truck farmers of the south, furnishes directions that may be safely followed in any locality where vegetable and strawberry plants are grown. Following are some of his suggestions: In transplanting such plants as the strawberry, the fibrous roots should be opened out as much as possible, while the root of the tap rooted plant, as the cabbage, beet, etc., should be placed regularly up and down and not bent upon itself. If such root is bent, the nutritive matter in descending from the boxes will be interrupted at the bend, and new rootlets will be slow to appear beyond it. In transplanting, the soil ought to be uniformly, but not harshly, pressed to the roots their entire length, from the extreme lower point upward.

With the exception of asparagus, horse radish, onions and such plants as emit new roots along the lower portion of the stem, as tomatoes, cabbage, etc., it is a safe rule to put down the plant to the depth of which it already grew. In sandy soil it sometimes becomes necessary, in a drought, during an entire transplanting season, to water the plants after they are set out. In this case the watered surface should be covered with dry soil to prevent baking.

In a loose, fine, light soil, free from sticks, stones, pebbles, etc., the hand alone is often used in transplanting on a small scale, but either the planting stick or dibble, or the trowel, is preferable. The trowel is the safer implement in the hands of an unskilled workman. In using the dibble, it is thurst into the soil to at least the full depth at which the plant is to be inserted, the hole is then widened by a rotary motion of the implement.

To insert the plant properly, it is held between the thumb and the index finger of the left hand, and thus placed in the hole; the dibble is then plunged into the ground two or three inches from the plant, in a direction with its point toward and a little below the end of the root. The engraving, taken from Truck Farming, shows the manner in the dibble with the root of the plant within it. The dibble is thrust into the ground, ready to fix the root in place, by using the point (a) as a fulcrum and moving the handle of the dibble from b to c the soil will be pressed to the root for its entire length from a to c. If this be done with sufficient force, it will fix the delicate plant firmly in the soil. If, on the other hand, the dibble is inserted perpendicularly or parallel with the plant instead of at an angle, or if it be partly withdrawn before the movement from b to c is completed, the soil will only be pressed to the root at the top, leaving its more important part loosely suspended in an open excavation of the soil.

Planting proceeds most conveniently from left to right. When the trowel is employed the operation is the same, except that the implement is inserted in front of the plant instead of at its side.

Horses That Sell Well.

There is no branch of the stock industry that, with judicious management, pays better than rearing horses. Farmers may come in for their share of profits in this industry if they will but exercise common sense. There are enough trotters; remember this and leave their rearing and training to professional breeders. The farmer's opportunity lies in the production of good, serviceable animals, which will sell at a remunerative price. Such horses always pay, and there is not half the risk in raising these there is with the lighter and more nervous trotters. It is only about one trotter in 500 that amounts to anything—at least that makes a sufficiently good record to pay for his trouble and brings a big sum extra. When a trotter falls below a certain standard he is the most valueless of horses to own.

There is always a ready sale for half-bred percherons, as is there indeed for any good shaped horse that will weigh from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds. The quick stepping ones prove excellent coachers and are in demand as carriage teams, while the more clumsy, slow going animals prove valuable as cart and truck horses.

First Class Wood Engravers.

Of the fifteen or twenty first class wood engravers in this country it may be said that they have as much to do as they can do, and are paid for it as much as ever. Two hundred dollars for engraving a full-page picture in one of the leading magazines is not an uncommon price, and some engravers will do the work in a fortnight, and often in less time. Perhaps fifteen engravers are now earning steadily $5,000 apiece a year, and thus are better off financially than hundreds of American painters. But scores of good engravers who do not belong to the first rank have been driven to the wall, the work that they once did being done by process men at lower rates. Some of them are earning a modest living in the service of the process men; many of them are perplexed in spirit. Much of the process work is very beautiful, especially reproductions of paintings from copper and gelatine plates, and there never was a time when the painter in oils or water colors saw his best efforts multiplied so faithfully and so extensively.—George W. Sheldon in New York Star.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

Great News for the Bald Heads.

About three miles from Princeton, Ky., on the Wilson Warehouse road, in a bend of the Stevens creek, is a low, marshy flat about an acre in size. The earth is of a greenish color and no weed or grass of any kind was ever known to grow in it, and during the dryest season it is always wet. Old Uncle Peter Black, a native of the Donaldson district, came to town last August (election day), and, according to his habit with jovial friends, drank too much. Late that evening he saddled his old gray mule and attempted to wend his way home. When the rider and the old mule came to the creek, either by the obstinacy of the mule or by some mystic hand, the old animal went into the marsh and spilt Uncle Pete. The soft, damp earth proved a soothing balm to the bald, aching head of the old man, and the excitement of the day was soon forgotten in a dreamless sleep, from which he was awakened next morning by the heat of the sun, to find half of his head and left side covered with mud. About two weeks after the accident Uncle Pete found that all that part of his body that had been covered with mud was covered with a fine growth of young hair.

St. Valentine's Day he came to town and showed to a number of our most prominent men a luxuriant growth of hair three and one-half inches in length, covering his left side and half of his head. At first his story was laughed at, but, since a bald head is a source of great annoyance to the owner, a few that were sensitive on the loss of hair began to view it in a different light. For the past two weeks about twenty are wearing skull caps inlaid with this muck. Yesterday several took off their caps, and to their great joy and happiness their heads were covered with a fine growth of young hair, but unfortunately it was red as a beet.

The owner of the marsh has had it inclosed by a high plank fence, and sells the muck at $3 a pound, and the demand is becoming so great that he can scarcely fill all the orders.—Louisville Commercial.

No Laughing Matter.

Mose—I don't see nuffin to laff at!
Jefferson—Co'se not; you can't see yusself.—Judge.

A Newspaper Man's Marriage.

Clarence Dresser is married. He did it as he does everything else, in the full possession of his faculties and a great hurry. He dropped down in Washington about 9 o'clock yesterday afternoon, hustled around to all the news paper offices, striked the editors of what was about to happen, told them not to take the trouble to send reporters to the ceremony, as he would write it up himself, jumped on a street car, got off at the Capitol, called out Dunham, Adams, Lawler and several other members, said "how-de-do" to them, officially notified them that he was to be married at 6:30 o'clock, ran over to the senate, announced the fact to Farwell and Cullom, hurried up to the reporters' gallery to see if he had missed any one, made a general proclamation of his intentions, took a herdic to a printing office, wrote up an account of the wedding in advance, and with fifty printed slips of it in his pocket started for the house of the bride.

The minister arrived, tied the knot on schedule time; Dresser kissed the bride, told her he must be going, hurried down to the local newspapers, left printed slips containing his own account of the wedding, asked that it be given a prominent place in the society columns, then ran to Newspaper row, where he distributed the announcements with a lavish hand, asking that they be telegraphed over the country as a favor to a fellow journalist and he would do as much some time in return. Then he returned to his bride, took her on his arm, caught the 10 o'clock train south with passes for two in his pocket and will travel for three weeks.—Washington Cor. Chicago News.

It Succeeded.

"Augustus," said Maud, who, as he had been calling on her for some time, thought she would give him a hint, "I should like to be an actress."

"An actress?" repeated Augustus in astonishment. "What on earth do you want to be an actress for?"

"Because then I might be engaged."

She now wears a solitaire.—New York Sun.

Two of a Weak Minded Kind.

Chicago Matron—What a good girl you seem to have!

Omaha Matron—Yes, she is an excellent one. Don't you have good girls in Chicago?

"I had one once who was just perfect, and I despair of ever finding as good a one again."

"How did you happen to lose her?"

"Oh, she was a little weak minded and ran off with my first husband."—Omaha World.

Up the River.

Visitor (to convict in penitentiary)—Are you undergoing punishment for your first offense?

Convict (not without pride)—No, sir; I've been up several times afore.

Visitor—Ah. Then your career must have been a very checkered one?

Convict—No, my career has been a very striped one.—New York Sun.

Excitement in Texas.

Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial Bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Noyes' Drug Store.

OBITUARIES.

Lida Muriel, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jont. B. Leavitt, died at their home in Mechanic Falls, Me., Aug. 2d, of entero colitis, aged 2 years, 3 months and 26 days. She was sick but six days when her spirit took its flight. Little Lida was born in Norway.

BIRTHS.

In Norway, Aug. 12, to the wife of Bell Trueman a daughter.

In Hiram, Aug. 10, to the wife of Phineas Witham, a son.

MARRIAGES.

In West Poland, Aug. 13, by Luther Perkins, esq., Anthony T. Winslow of Casco, and Jennie B. Shaw of Otisfield.

DEATHS.

In Waterford, Aug. 22, William F. Shattuck, M. D., aged 69 years.

In Charlestown, Mass., Aug. 10, Phebe F., wife of Isaac I. York, esq., formerly of Gratton, aged 75 years and 4 months.

In Hiram, Aug. 18, Mrs. N. B. Hubbard, aged 62 years, 10 months.

In Bridgton, Aug. 20, Mrs. James S. Gould, formerly of Hiram, aged 51 years, 2 days.

Advertised Letters—Norway P. O.

F. E. Andrews, Mrs. Clara Ames,
Owen Brooks, Mr. Dunham,
Frank H. Gerry, C. G. Jackson, Esq.,
Fannie Lear, J. E. Mitchell,
Clarence S. Mitchell, Mrs. Betsey F. Small.
Mrs. Al. Warren, Albion Allen,
A. Addleson, Miss Ettor Hamblington
Miss Alice Blackwell, " Roxie Cunningham
" Lilian G. Buck, Mr. N. Miller,
" C. E. Small, Miss Jennie Stanton,
J. M. Fifield, Mr. Louis E. West.

Call and See Some of THIS SEASON'S NOVELTIES OF Dress Goods & Trimmings,

Now Shown by

S. B. & Z. S. Prince,

116 MAIN ST., - NORWAY, ME.

Norway * BLUE * Store!

In order to make room for our FALL and WINTER STOCK, we shall sell our Light Weight Clothing *REGARDLESS OF COST!*

Lot No. 1—All Wool suit, good pattern and nicely trimmed, $6.00 worth 10.00

Lot No. 2—All Wool suit, medium weight and good pattern, $7.00 worth 12.00

Lot No. 3—All Wool suit, dark mixture, thoroughly made, $9.50 worth 15.00

5 Doz. of Underwear, 25c. 10 Doz. Underwear, 50c., worth 75c., and a great many other bargains which we have not space to mention.

HATS! We have just received a large invoice of SOFT HATS which we shall sell *CHEAP* for *CASH.*

OUR PRIZE HAT! JUST OUT!! A soft fur hat of stylish appearance—good material. A favorite with all and a prize inside of every hat.

THE GRANGER! This Hat is made from clear Beaver stock; black in color, 6¼ inch crown and 3 inch brim; silk bound, an a very popular Hat.

☞We have just received direct from one of the largest woolen mills in N. Y. State, 73 pairs of All Wool Working Pants, which we shall sell cheap for cash.

Call and examine these bargains before purchasing; it costs you nothing and will save you much. Remember the place is at

Webb & Wakefield's Blue Store,
110 Main St., - - - - Norway, Me.

SMILEY BROTHERS

ARE NOW OFFERING SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

DRY & FANCY GOODS.

They have a fine line of Dress Goods which they are selling at very low prices.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

Bed Spreads, Table Linen, Towels and Crashes.

As they are over stocked in Jerseys, they have marked them down to extremely low prices.

They have many other bargains, but not the space to mention them. It will pay you to call.

☞Remember the place. It is at

SMILEY BROTHERS,
129 Main St., Norway, Maine.

Ready-made Clothing in endless variety at F. O. ELLIOTT'S, the Clothier, South Paris, Me.

Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, at low prices!

Remember the place!!

TWO CAR LOADS OF PILLSBURY'S BEST

F*L*O*U*R

Just received at the Upper Grist Mill, and will be sold at Low Prices!

C. B. CUMMINGS.

New House for Sale.

The house is situated on the corner of Whitman and Maple streets. The house is two story with ell and stable, new throughout; contains ten finished rooms and city water. Will be sold at a bargain. Terms easy. Apply or call on J. A. BOLSTER,
33tf Norway, Me.

A 5 Gallon Can Full OF The Best Kerosene, $1.75.

W. C. LEAVITT.

WANTED Rent of 4 rooms for family of two Apply G. V. Crocker.

I have a special brand of Extra Formosa Oolong Tea that cannot fail toplease.

If you should try it you will become convinced that it is just as it is represented—a first-class article.

In matters of price it will be sold low.

Call at

A. J. NEVERS,
Main St., Norway, Me.
33tf

The CHICKERING PIANO

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Mason and Hamlin, Estey, Worcester, Dyer & Hughes, and Tabor Organs for sale.

Organs with two sets of reeds, ten stops, divided coupler grand organ, from $60.00 to $150.00, according to style of case. All black walnut cases, and warranted for 5 years. Sold on Easy Monthly Installments!

☞For catalogues, price and terms, address or call on

WM. J. WHEELER,
SOUTH PARIS, - - (1817) - - MAINE.

Cabinet Photos $2.25 to $3.00.

Fine Portraits of Children a Specialty.

Any not satisfactory, taken over free, so you are sure to get pictures you will like. Our $2.50 kind are first-class; the $3.00 are extra, *the best stock made in America.*

J. K. CHASE, Oxford, Me.

HOUSE FOR SALE!

Cottage house and good garden situated on Pleasant street, Norway, for sale at a bargain. Water main in street and hydrant near. For terms and particulars apply to C. E. Holt, Norway, Me. 30-43

Fancy Job Printing Done at this Office.

To Be Closed Out At Cost.

THE LARGEST STOCK

Of Boots and Shoes in Oxford County.

☞Before moving to my New Store, I shall sell my entire Stock of Goods at cost.

JOHN F. ALLEN,
155 Main Street, - - - Norway, Me.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS!

NOBBY STYLES, LOWEST PRICES!

AT THE

Clothing House

OF

J. F. HUNTINGTON & CO.,

Where you can find Mens', Boys' and Children's SUITS in a large variety of styles and at lowest prices.

OVERCOATS! Before buying your overcoats, call and see our stock; we can save you money. HATS and CAPS in all the latest styles; call and see. UNDER SHIRTS and DRAWERS! We carry a large line of Under-wear, ranging in price from 25c. to $2. It will pay you to call and examine. WOOLTEXT! the best stock of Woolens to be found in the county, from which we make CUSTOM WORK TO ORDER. Work and Fits warranted.

Grand Closing Out Sale!

Of

Summer Hats!!!

To make room for our FALL STOCK and to prevent any possibility of being compelled to carry over any goods in this line, we have made a

SWEEPING REDUCTION

in the prices of our entire line of

Straw and Light Hats,

which have been marked down below cost, and which will now be offered

AT A GREAT SACRIFICE!

OUR LINES OF

Ready-Made Clothing AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

are still unbroken, notwithstanding the immense sales of the past few weeks, as our arrangements with manufacturers are such as to enable us to replenish at short notice and keep our stock at all times full and complete.

☞NEVERTHELESS! We have a few Light Suits and Single Garments especially adapted for Summer and early autumn wear which we have marked down to

BED ROCK PRICES.

Call before it is too late.

PERRY W. JUDKINS, THE NORWAY CLOTHIER,
132 MAIN STREET.

For the Spring Trade,

AT

CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE!

ROOM PAPERS, AND BORDERS,

In all grades, from the cheapest Brown to the best Bronze, including the finest line of

CEILING DECORATIONS

ever displayed outside the city.

WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES.

Larger stock than ever before, in all grades. Plain Cloths in all colors, by the yard. Our facilities are unsurpassed for FITTING and HANGING our shades, which we will do at short notice, and in our usual workmanlike manner. We still run our LEADER, a shade six feet long, three feet wide, complete with *best* spring fixture and nickel pull, for only 50c. Our stock is larger than ever seen before in Oxford county. *This is not talk; come and see for yourself.* Curtain Poles, Fringes, Tassels, Rings, &c.

BABY CARRIAGES.—A large line of the celebrated Whitney Carriage, at lower prices than ever before. Also Children's Wagons, Carts, Velocipedes, Doll Carriages, Base Balls, Bats, Hoops, etc. ☞PISHING TACKLE!

Also School Books, Blank Books and Stationery, Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, and all articles usually kept in a First-Class Drug Store.—Prescription Business a specialty.

S. L. CROCKETT,
Registered Apothecary. 143 Main St., NORWAY, ME.

MILLETT & FULLER

Are showing the best line of

Boots, Shoes and Slippers

For Spring and Summer Trade, ever exhibited in Oxford County.

☞Every one should sall and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

Fishing Tackle,

HAMMOCKS, BASE BALL GOODS,

Croquet Sets, Lawn Tennis,

Boys' Wagons and Wheelbarrows.

A Large Assortment of Fringes, Window Shades, Fixtures, Pulls Etc.

PAINTS & OILS, COLORS IN OIL & JAPAN,

DRY TINTED PAINTS, WALL FINISH, VARNISHES, COACH COLORS, STAINS, BRUSHES, Etc.

Wall & Ceiling Papers, Artist's Material,

NOYES' DRUG AND BOOK STORE

NORWAY, - - - MAINE.

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

"WE MUST PART, JOHN."

Jess and her companion stood in awed silence and gazed on the blackening and disfigured corpses of the thunderstricken Boers. Then they went past them to the tree which grew some ten paces or more on the other side of the place of destruction. There was some little difficulty in getting the horses past the corpses, but at last they came with a wheel and a march of excitement, and were tied up to the tree by John. Meanwhile Jess took care of the hard boiled eggs out of the basket and vanished. She sat herself on a slab of flat stone out of the glare of the sun, and ate her breakfast of hard boiled eggs, reflecting meanwhile on the position in which she found herself. For her heart was very sore and heavy, and she knew full well that it is best to talk that she was lying somewhere beneath three tons of reasoning waters. She had calculated on death, and now she was not dead, and she and her shame and love troubles might yet live for many a year. She was like one who in her sleep had seemed to soar on angel's wings out into the starry depths, and then awakened with a start to find that she had tumbled from her bed. All the facts of life, all the more than earthly depth of passion, all the spiritualized desires that had sprung into being beneath the shadow of the approaching end, had come down to the common level of an undesirable existence, along which she must now drag her weary feet for—for how long? That was that all. She had been false to Bessie, and more she had broken Bessie's lover's trust. She had tempted him and he had fallen, and now Bessie had as she. Death would have justified all this; she would never have dared it had she thought she was going to live; but now death had cheated her, as he often is a way of doing with people to whom his presence is welcome or less terrible, and left her to cope with the spirit she had invoked when his sword was quivering over her.

What would be the end of it, supposing they escaped? What could be the end except misery? It should go no further, for as it had gone, that she swore to, nor if it broke her heart and his, too. The conditions were altered again, and the memory of those deathful and wonderful hours when they two swung upon the raging river and exchanged their undying troth, with the grave for their altar, must be a memory and nothing more.

She rose and walked back to the spot where she had left John an hour before. He was employed when she reached him in saddling up the second of the two grays with the saddles and bridles that he had removed from the carcasses of the horses which the lightning had struck.

"Hullo, Jess, you look quite smart. Have you dried your clothes?" he said. "I have after a fashion."

"Well," she answered.

He looked at her. "Why, dearest, you have been crying. Come, things are black enough, but it is no use crying. At any rate, we have got off with our lives so far."

"Yes," she answered.

He looked at her again. "Why, dearest, you have been crying. Come, things are black enough, but it is no use crying. At any rate, we have got off with our lives so far."

"Yes," she answered.

"Look, Jess, sharply, "there must be no more of that. Things have changed. We were dead last night; now we have come to life again. Besides," she added, with a ghost of a laugh, "perhaps you will see Bessie to-morrow, and I think we ought to have got to the end of our troubles."

John's face fell, as the recollection of the impossible and most tragic position in which they were placed, physically and morally, swept over him.

"My dearest Jess," he said, "what is to be done?"

She stamped her foot, in the bitter anguish of her heart. "I told you," she said, "that there must be no more of that. What are you thinking about? From to-day we are dead to each other. I have done with you and you with me. It is your own fault; you should have let me die. Oh, John, John," she wailed out, "why did you bring me to life? Why did we not both die? We should have been happy now, or—asleep. We must part, John, we must part; and what shall I do without you? what shall I do?"

Her distress was too great for judgment, and it affected him so much for a moment he could not trust himself to answer her.

"Would it not be best to make a clean breast of it to Bessie?" he said at last. "I should feel a blackguard for the rest of my life, but upon my word I have a mind to do it."

"No, no!" she cried passionately, "I will not have you do it! You shall swear to me that you will never breathe a word to Bessie. I will not have her happiness destroyed. We have sinned, we must suffer; not Bessie, who is innocent and only takes her right. I promised my dear mother to look after Bessie and protect her, and I will not be the one to betray her—never! never! You must marry her and I must go away. There is no other way out of it."

John looked at her, not knowing what to say or do. A sharp pang of despair went through him as he watched the passionate, pale face and the great eyes dim with tears. How was he to part from her? He put out his arms to take her in them, but she pushed him away almost fiercely.

"Have you no honor?" she cried. "Is it not all hard enough to bear without your tempting me? I tell you it is all done with. Finish saddling the horse and let us start. The sooner we get off the sooner it will be over, unless the Boers catch us again and shoot us, which for my own part I devoutly hope they may. You must make up your mind to remember at last I am nothing but your sister in law. If you will not remember it, then I shall ride away and leave you to go your way and I will go mine."

John said no more. Her determination was as crushing as the cruel necessity that dictated it. What was more, his own reason and sense of honor approved of it, whatever his passion might prompt to the contrary. As he turned wearily to finish saddling the horse he almost regretted with Jess that they had not both been drowned and out of it over.

Of course the only saddles that they had were those belonging to the dead Boers, which was very awkward for a lady. Luckily for herself, however, Jess could, from constant practice, ride almost as well as though she had been trained to the thing, and was even capable of balancing herself without a pommel on a man's saddle, having often cast off an ribbon round the farm in that way. So soon as the horses were ready she astonished John by clambering into the saddle of the older and steadier animal, placing her foot in the stirrup strap and announcing that she was ready to start.

"You had better ride some other way," said John. "It isn't usual, I know, but you will tumble off."

"You shall see," she said, with a little laugh, putting the horse into a canter as she spoke. John followed her on the other horse, and noted with amazement that she sat as straight and steady on her slippery seat as though she were on a hunting saddle, keeping herself from falling by an instinctive balancing of the body which was very curious to notice. When they got well on to the plain they halted to consider their route, and as they did so Jess pointed to the long line of vultures descending to feast on their worldbe murderers. If they went down the river it would lead them to Standerton, and there they would be safe if they could get into the town, which was garrisoned by English. But then, as they gathered from the conversation of their escort, Standerton was closely invested by the Boers, and to try and pass through the lines was more than they dared to do. It was true that they still had the pass signed by the Boer general, but after what had occurred they were not unnaturally somewhat skeptical about the value of passes, and hesitated unwilling to put their efficacy to the proof. So after due consideration they determined to avoid Standerton and ride in the opposite direction till they found a practicable ford of the Vaal. Fortunately, they both of them had a very fair idea of the lay of the land; and, in addition to this, John possessed a small compass fastened to his watch chain, which would enable him to steer a pretty correct course across the veldt—a fact that would render them independent of the roads. On the roads they would run a momentary risk, if not a certainty of detection. But on the wide veldt the chances were that they would meet no living creature except the wild game. Should they come across houses they would be able to avoid them, and their male inhabitants would probably be far away from home on business connected with the war.

Accordingly they rode ten miles or more along the bank without seeing a soul, when they reached a space of bubbling, shallow water that looked fordable. Indeed, an investigation of the banks revealed the fact that a loaded wagon had passed the river at no distant date, perhaps a week before.

"That is good enough," said John; "we will try it." And without further ado they plunged in.

In the center of the stream the water was strong and deep, and for a few yards took the horses off their legs, but they struck out boldly till they got their footing again; and after that there was no more trouble. On the farther side of the river John took counsel with his compass and steered a course straight for Mooifontein. At midday they off-saddled the horses for an hour by some water, and ate a small portion of their remaining food. Then they unsaddled and went on across the lonely, desolate veldt. No human being did they see all that long day. The wide country was only tenanted by great herds of thundering game that came rushing past like squadrons of cavalry, or here and there by coteries of vultures, hissing and fighting furiously over some dead buck. And so at last twilight came on and found them alone in the wilderness.

"Well, what is to be done now?" said John, pulling up his tired horse. "It will be dark in half an hour."

Jess slid from her saddle as she answered, "Get off and go to sleep, I suppose."

She was quite right; there was absolutely nothing else that they could do; so John set to work and hobbled the horses, tying them together for further security, for it would be a dreadful thing if they were to go astray. By the time that this was done the twilight was gathering into night, and the two sat down to contemplate their surroundings with feelings akin to despair. So far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but a vast stretch of dreary plain, across which the night wind blew in dreary gusts, making the grass stems ripple like the sea. There was absolutely no shelter to be had, nor anything to break the monotony, unless it were a couple of ant heaps about five paces apart. John sat down on one of the ant heaps and Jess took up her position on the other, and there they remained, like pelicans in the wilderness, watching the daylight fade out of the day.

"Don't you think that we had better sit together?" suggested John, feebly. "It would be warmer, you see."

"No, I don't," answered Jess, snappishly. "I am very comfortable as I am."

Unfortunately, however, this was not the exact truth, for poor Jess' teeth were already chattering with cold. Soon, indeed, they found that the only way to keep their blood moving was, weary as they were, to continually tramp up and down. After an hour and a half or so of this the breeze dropped and the temperature got more suitable to the lightly clad, half starved and almost exhausted bodies. Then the moon came up, and the hyenas, or wolves, or some such animals, came up also and howled round them—though they could not see them. These hyenas proved more than Jess' nerves could stand, and she at last condescended to ask John to share her ant heap; there they sat, shivering in each other's arms, throughout the lifelong night.

Another drawback to their romantic situation was that they were positively soaked by the falling dew. There they sat, or rather cowered, for hour after hour without sleeping, for sleep was impossible, and almost without speaking; and yet, notwithstanding the misery of their circumstances, not altogether unhappy, since they were united in their misery. At last the eastern sky began to turn gray, and John rose and shook the dew from his hat and clothes, and limped off as well as his half frozen limbs would allow, to catch the horses, which were standing together some yards away, looking huge and ghostlike in the mist. By sunrise he had managed to saddle them up, and they started once more. This time, however, he had to let Jess ride on the saddle.

About 8 o'clock they halted and ate their little remaining food, and then proceeded slowly enough, for the horses were almost as tired as they were, and it was necessary to husband them if they were to reach Mooifontein by dark. At midday they halted for an hour and a half, and then, feeling almost worn out, went on once more, reckoning that they could not be more than sixteen or seventeen miles from Mooifontein. It was about two hours after this that a catastrophe happened. The course they were following ran down the side of one land wave, then across a little swampy sluit, and up on the opposite slope. They crossed the swampy ground, walked their horses up the crest of the opposite rise, and found themselves face to face with a party of armed and mounted Boers.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JESS FINDS A FRIEND.

The Boers swooped down on them with a shout, like a hawk on a sparrow. John pulled up his horse and drew his revolver.

"Don't, don't!" cried Jess; "our only chance is to be civil!" whereon, thinking better of the matter, he replaced it, and wished the leading Boer good day.

"What are you doing here?" asked the Dutchman; whereon Jess explained that they had a pass—which John promptly produced—and were proceeding to Mooifontein.

"Ah, Om Crofts?" said the Boer as he took the pass; "you are likely to meet a burying party there," and at the time Jess did not understand what he meant. He eyed the pass suspiciously all over, and then asked how it came to be stained with water.

Jess, not daring to tell the truth, said that it had been dropped into a puddle. The Boer was about to return it, when suddenly his eye fell upon Jess' saddle.

"How is it that the girl is riding on a man's saddle?" he asked. "Why, I know that saddle; let me look at the other side. Yes, there is a bullet hole through the flap. That is Swart Dirk's saddle. How did you get it?"

"I bought it from him," answered Jess, without a moment's hesitation. "I could get nothing to ride on."

The Boer shook his head. "There are plenty of saddles in Pretoria," he said, "and these are not the days when a man sells his saddle to an English girl. Ah! and that other is a Boer saddle, too. No Englishman has a saddle cloth like that. This pass is not sufficient," he went on, in a cold tone; "it should have been countersigned by the local commandant. I must arrest you."

Jess began to make further excuses, but he merely repeated, "I must arrest you," and gave some orders to the men with him.

"We are in for it again," she said to John; "and there is nothing for it but to go."

"I shan't mind so much if only they will give us some grub," said John, philosophically. "I am half starved."

"And I am half dead," said Jess, with a little laugh. "I wish they would shoot us and have done with it."

"Come, cheer up, Jess," he answered; "perhaps the luck is going to change."

She shook her head with the air of one who expects the worst, and then some gay young spirits among the Boers came up and made things pleasant by an exhibition of their polished wit, which they chiefly exercised at the expense of poor Jess, whose appearance was, as may well be imagined, exceedingly wretched and forlorn; so much so that it would have moved the pity of most people. But these specimens of the golden youth of a simple pastoral folk found in it a rich mine of opportunities. They asked her if she would not like to ride straddle legged, and if she had bought her dress from an old Hottentot who had done with it, and if she had been rolling about tipsy in the veldt to get all the mud on it; and generally availed themselves of this unparalleled occasion to be witty at the expense of an English lady in sore distress. Indeed, one gay young dog, called Jacobus, was proceeding from jokes linguistic to jokes practical. Perceiving that Jess only kept her seat on the man's saddle by the exercise of a curious faculty of balance, it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to upset it and make her fall upon her face. Accordingly, with a sudden twist of the rein he brought his horse sharply against her wearied animal, nearly throwing it down; but she was too quick for him, and saved herself by catching at the mane. Jess said nothing; indeed, she made no answer to her tormentors, and fortunately John understood very little of what they were saying. Presently, however, the young Boer made another attempt, putting out his hand to give her a sly push; and, as it happened, John saw it, and the sight of the indignity made the blood boil in his veins. Before he could reflect on what he was doing he was alongside of the man, and, catching him by the throat, had hurled him backward over his crupper with all the force he could command. The man fell heavily upon his shoulders, and instantly there was a great hubbub. John drew his revolver, and the other Boers raised their rifles, and Jess thought that there was an end of it, and put her hand before her face, having first thanked John for avenging the insult with a swift flash of her beautiful eyes. And, indeed, in another second it would have been all over had not the elder man who had taken the pass interposed; the fact being that he had witnessed the proceedings that led to his fellow's discomfiture, and, being a decent man at bottom, had disapproved of them.

"Leave them alone and put down those guns," he shouted. "If a served Jacobus right; he was trying to push the girl from the horse. Almighty! it is not wonderful those English can shoot as brute beasts when you boys do such things. Put down your guns, I say, and one of you help Jacobus up. He looks as sick as a buck with a bullet through it."

Accordingly the row passed over, and the playful Jacobus—whom Jess noted with satisfaction was exceedingly sick and trembling in every limb—was with difficulty hoisted on to his horse, and proceeded on his journey with not a single bit of fun left in him.

A little while after this Jess pointed out a long, low hill that lay upon the flat belt, a dozen miles or so away, like a stone on a stretch of sand.

"Look," she said; "there is Mooifontein at last!"

"We are not there yet," remarked John, sadly.

Another weary half hour passed, and then they suddenly, on passing over a crest, saw Hans Coetzee's homestead lying down by the water in the hollow. So that was where they were being taken to.

Within a hundred yards of the house the Boers halted and consulted, except Jacobus, who went on, still looking very green. Finally the elder man came to them and addressed Jess, at the same time handing her back the pass.

"You can go on home," he said. "The Englishwoman can stay with us till we find out more about him."

"He says that I can go. What shall I do?" asked Jess. "I don't like leaving you with these men."

"Yes, why go, of course. I can look after myself; and if I can't, certainly you won't be able to help me. Perhaps you will be able to get some help at the farm. At any rate, you must go."

"Now, Englishman," said the Boer.

"Good by, Jess," said John. "God bless you."

"Good by, John," she answered, looking him steadily in the eyes for a moment, and then turning away to hide the tears which would gather in her own.

And thus they parted.

She knew her way now, even across the open veldt, for she dared not go by the road. There was, however, a bridle path that ran over the hill at the back of the house, and for this she sinped her course. It was 5 o'clock now, and both she and her horse were in a condition of great exhaustion, which was enhanced in her case by want of food and trouble of mind. But she was a strong woman and had a will of iron, and she held on where most women would have died. Jess meant to get to Mooifontein somehow, and she knew that once there she would be safe. If she could only reach the place and get some news sent to her lover, she did not greatly care what happened to her afterward. The pace of the horse she was riding got slower and slower. At last she was only walking, and almost at first she managed occasionally to force it, and which is the best pace to travel in South Africa, it continually collapsed into a rough, short trot, which was agony to her, jarring as she was, and from that into a walk. Indeed, just before sunset, or a little after 6 o'clock, the walk became final. At last they reached the rising ground hill, and here the poor beast fell down, utterly worn out. Jess slipped off and tried to drag it up, but failed. It had not a yard of go left in it. So she did what she could, pulled off the bridle and undoing the girth, so that the saddle would fall off if the horse ever managed to rise. Then she set to work to walk over the hill. The poor horse watched her go with melancholy eyes, knowing that it was being deserted. First it neighed, then, with a desperate effort, struggled to its feet and ran after her a hundred yards or so, only to fall down again at last. Jess turned and saw it, and, exhausted as she was, she positively ran to get away from the look in those big eyes. That night there was a cold rain, in which the horse perished, as "poor" horses are apt to do.

It was nearly dark when Jess at length reached the top of the hill and looked down. She knew the spot well, and from it she could always see the light from the kitchen window of the house. To-night there was no light. Everything what it could mean, and feeling a fresh chill of doubt creep round her heart, she scrambled on down the hill. When she was about half way down a shower of sparks suddenly shot up into the air from the spot where the house should be, caused by the fall of a piece of wall into the smouldering embers beneath. Again Jess paused, wondering and aghast. What could have happened? Determined at all hazards to discover, she crept on very cautiously. Before she had gone another twenty yards, however, a hand was suddenly laid upon her arm. She turned quickly, too paralyzed with fear to cry out, and as she did so a voice that was familiar to her whispered, "Missie Jess, Missie Jess, is it you?" into her ear. "I am Jantje."

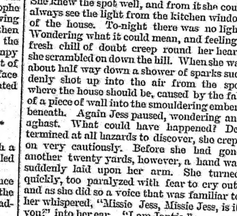
She gave a sigh of relief, and her heart, which had stood still, began to move again. Here was a friend at last.

"I heard you coming down the hill, though you came so softly," he said; "but I could not tell who it was, because you jumped from rock to rock, and did not walk as usual. But I thought it was a woman with boots; I could tell by the sound, because the light all falls dead against the hill, and the stars are not up. So I got to the left of your path—for the wind is blowing from the right—and waited till you had passed, and winded you. Then I knew who you were for certain—either you or Missie Bessie; but Missie Bessie is shut up, so it could not be her."

"Bessie shut up!" ejaculated Jess, not even pausing to marvel at the dog-like instinct that enabled the Hottentot to identify her. "What do you mean?"

"This way, missie; come this way and I will tell you;" and he led her to a fantastic pile of rocks in which it was his wild habit to sleep. Jess knew the place well, and had often peeped into, but never entered, the Hottentot's kennel.

"Stop a bit, missie. I will go and light a candle; I have some in there, and they can't see the light from the outside," and accordingly he vanished. In a few seconds he returned, and, taking her by the sleeve, led her along a winding passage between great bowlders, till they came to a beehole in the rocks, through which she could see the light shining. Going down on his hands and knees Jantje crept through and Jess followed him. She found



JANTJE CREPT THROUGH AND JESS FOLLOWED HIM.

herself in a small apartment about six feet square by eight high, principally formed by the accidental falling together of several big bowlders and roofed in by one great natural slab. Discarding a three legged stool that Jantje offered her Jess sank down upon a pile of skins in the corner.

"Stop before you begin," she said. "Have you anything to eat here? I am nearly starving."

Jantje grinned knowingly, and, grubbing in a heap of rubbish in the corner, fished out a gourd with a piece of flat sheet iron which had once formed the back plate of a stove, placed on the top. It contained "maas," or curdled buttermilk, which a woman had brought him down that very morning from a neighboring kraal, and was destined for Jantje's own supper. Hungry as he was himself, for he had had no food all day, he gave it to Jess without a moment's hesitation, together with a wooden spoon, and, squatting on the rock before her, watched her eat it with guttural exclamations of satisfaction. Not knowing that she was robbing a hungry man, Jess ate the maas to the last spoonful, and was grateful to feel the sensation of gnawing sickness leave her.

"Now," she said, "tell me what you mean!" Thereon Jantje began at the beginning and related the events of the day, so far as he was acquainted with them. When he came to where the old man was dragged, with kicks and blows and ignominy, from his own house, Jess' eyes flashed, and she positively ground her teeth with indignation; and as for her feelings, when she learned that he was condemned to death and to be shot at dawn on the morrow, they simply baffled description. Of the Bessie complication Jantje was quite ignorant, and could only tell her that Frank Muller had an interview with her sister in the little plantation, and that after that she was shut up in the store room, where she still was. But this was quite enough for Jess, who knew Muller's character better, perhaps, than anybody else, and was not by any means ignorant of his designs upon Bessie. A few moments' thought put the key of the matter into her hand. She saw now what was the reason of the granting of the pass and of the determined and partially successful attempt at wholesale murder of which they had been the victims. She saw, too, why her old uncle had been condemned to death—that was to be used as a lever with Bessie; the man was capable even of that. Yes, she saw it all as clear as daylight; and in her heart she swore, helpless as she seemed to be, that she would find a way to prevent it. But what way? what way? Ah, if only John were here! But he was not, so she must act without him, if only she could see the way to action. She thought first of all of going down boldly and facing Muller and denouncing him as a murderer before his men; but a moment's reflection showed that this was impracticable. For his own safety he would be obliged to stop her mouth somehow, and the best she could expect would be to be incarcerated and rendered quite powerless. If only she could manage to communicate with Bessie! At any rate, it was absolutely necessary that she should know what was going on. She might as well be a hundred miles away as a hundred yards.

"Jantje," she said, "tell me where the Boers are."

"Some are in the wagon house, missie, some are on sentry, and the rest are down by the wagon they brought with them and outspanned behind the gum trees. The cart is there, too, that came just before you did, with the clergyman in it."

"And where is Frank Muller?"

"Oh, missie, missie; but he brought a round tent with him in the wagon, and it is pitched between the two big gums."

"Jantje, I must go down there and find out what is going on, and you must come with me."

"You will be caught, missie. There is a sentry at the back of the wagon house and two in front. But," he added, "perhaps we might get near. I will go out and look at the night."

Presently he returned and said that a "small rain" had come on and the clouds covered up the stars so that it was very dark.

"Well, let us go at once," said Jess.

"Missie, you had better not go," answered the Hottentot. "You will get wet and the Boers will catch you. Better let me go. I can creep about like a snake, and if the Boers catch me it won't matter."

"You must come too, but I am going. I must find out."

Then the Hottentot shrugged his shoulders and yielded, and, having extinguished the candle, silently as ghosts they crept out into the night.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BE SHALL DIE.

The night was still and very dark. A soft, cold rain, such as one often gets in the Waterstrom and Ermelo Scotland districts of the Transvaal, and which more resembles a raw north country mist than anything else, was falling gently but persistently. This condition of affairs was as favorable as possible to their enterprise, and under cover of it the Hottentot and the white girl crept far enough down to within twelve or fourteen paces of the back of the wagon house. Then Jantje, who was leading, suddenly put back his hand and checked her, and at that moment Jess caught the sound of a sentry's footsteps as he tramped leisurely up and down. For a couple of minutes or so they stopped thus, not knowing what to do, when suddenly a man came round the corner of the building holding a lantern in his hand. On seeing the lantern Jess' first impulse was to fly, but Jantje, by a motion, made her understand that she was to stop still. The man with the lantern advanced toward the other man, holding the light above his head, and looking dim and gigantic in the mist and rain. Presently he turned his face, and Jess saw that it was Frank Muller himself. He stood thus for a moment waiting till the sentry was near to him.

"You can go to your supper," he said. "Come back in half an hour. I will be responsible for the prisoners till then."

The man growled out an answer, something about the rain, and then departed round the end of the building, followed by Muller.

"Now then, come on," whispered Jantje; "there is a hole in the store room wall, and you may be able to speak to Missie Bessie."

Jess did not require a second invitation, but slipped up to the wall in five seconds. Passing her hand over the stonework, she found the air hole, which she remembered well, for they used to play bo-peep there as children, and was about to whisper through it, when suddenly the door at the other end opened, and Frank Muller entered, bearing the lantern in his hand. For a moment he stood on the threshold, opening the slide of the lantern in order to increase the light. His hat was off, and he had a cape of dark cloth thrown over his shoulders, which seemed to add to his great breadth, and the thought flashed through the mind of Jess as she looked at him through the hole and the light struck upon his face and form, and glinted down his golden beard, that he was the most magnificent specimen of humanity she had ever seen. In another instant he had turned the lantern round and revealed her dear sister Bessie to her gaze. Bessie was seated upon one of the half empty sacks of mealies, apparently half asleep, for she opened her wide blue eyes and looked round apprehensively like one suddenly awakened. Her golden curls were in disorder and falling over her fair forehead, and her face was very pale and troubled, and marked beneath the eyes with deep blue lines. Catching sight of her visitor, she rose hurriedly and retreated as far from him as the pile of sacks and potatoes would allow.

"What is it?" she said, in a low voice. "I gave you my answer. Why do you come to torment me again?"

He placed the lantern upon an upright sack of mealies, and carefully balanced it before he answered. Jess could see that he was taking time to consider.

"Let us recapitulate," he said, at length, in his full, rich voice. "The position is this. I gave you this morning the choice between consenting to marry me to-morrow and seeing your old uncle and benefactor shot. Further, I assured you that if you would not consent to marry me your uncle should be shot, and that I would then make you mine, dispensing with the ceremony of marriage. Is that not so?"

Bessie made no answer, and he continued, his eyes fixed upon her face and thoughtfully stroking his beard.

"Silence gives consent. I will go on. Before a man can be shot according to law he must be tried and condemned according to law. Your uncle has been tried and has been condemned."

"I heard it all, cruel murderer that you are," said Bessie, lifting her head for the first time.

"So! I thought you would, through the crack. That is why I had you put back to this place; it would not have looked well to bring you before the court," and he took the light and examined the crevice. "This place is badly built," he went on, in a careless tone; "look, there is another gap there at the back," and he actually came up to it and held the lantern close to it so that the light from it shone through into Jess' eyes and nearly blinded her. She shut them quickly, so that the gleam reflected from them should not betray her, and then held her breath and remained as still as the dead. In another second he took away the light and replaced it on the mealie bag.

"So you say you saw it all. Well, it must have shown you that I was in earnest. The old man took it well, did he not? He is a brave man, I respect him. I fancy that he will not move a muscle at the last. That comes of English blood, you see. It is the best in the world, and I am proud to have it in my veins."

"Cannot you stop torturing me and say what you have to say?" asked Bessie.

"I had no wish to torture you, but if you like I will come to the point. It is this. Will you now consent to marry me to-morrow morning at sun up, or can I be forced to carry the sentence on your old uncle into effect?"

"I will not. I will not. I hate you and defy you."

To be continued.

Peter Shaw, of West Winfield, N. Y., was afflicted with a severe cough, with pain in the side and lungs and general depression, causing himself and friends great alarm. He tried many remedies with no good results. One bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY completely cured him.

"HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?" Quite well, having purified my blood with the True "I. F." Atwood Medicine, "I. F."

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"The facts I am about to relate are historical and can easily be verified. I have known them for many years, and have kept them to myself, but I feel it my duty to now make them public. Thousands of men and women are to-day on the brink of a precipice and do not know it. If I am able to warn them in time I shall be satisfied.

"Mr. John Hunt lived in this city in the year 1820. He was a large, strong man, and had always been very robust. But one day he noticed a strange feeling of weariness. He had taken an abundance of sleep, but still he was tired. His appetite had always been good, but it began to be uncertain, while his head ached periodically, though not steadily. He thought it was a cold that would soon wear off—but it did not. Then he began to grow weaker, and noticed that his complexion was becoming sallow, but he still thought it would soon pass away, and took no steps to check it. His wife and friends began to grow uneasy, and called in physicians, but in spite of all care he steadily grew worse. His condition was then horrible. He was bloated from head to foot, his breath came in gasps; every portion of his body was in pain, and he longed earnestly for death.

"It was while in this terrible state that it occurred to one of the physicians who attended Mr. Hunt that the early Knickerbocker settlers had formerly drank the extract of a peculiar plant in their schnapps, and that it had produced a wonderful effect on them. He knew this plant grew on the Brevoort estate at the corner of Eleventh street and Broadway, and he at once procured some. It proved a revelation to him and a godsend to the world. Under its BROADWAY AND 11TH ST. gentle and mysterious power Mr. Hunt was raised from a bed of death from that fearful malady, Bright's disease, restored to perfect health, and lived to a good old age; but as a duty to humanity, Mr. Hunt always afterward prepared the remedy for his friends and all others who had heard of and required it. To-day it bears his name, and Hunt's Remedy is unquestionably the most powerful as well as most popular kidney medicine known to the world. This remedy has been before the public for a great many years, and I know of more than a hundred cases that have come under my own personal observation where it has cured permanently after doctors have declared there was little or no hope. I can name them if desired. I know it is a pure vegetable compound, and I know there is nothing in it that could hurt even a baby, while it is powerful enough to cure the strongest man, however weak he may have become. My friend, General Sherman uses it constantly, and he is only one of scores I know who keep their health good by a free use of this remarkable remedy.

"I am now an aged man, but I have led an active life. I have seen infants grow to manhood and womanhood, mature, and then die. I have seen physical misery in all its forms, and have assisted at the bedside where the cold hand of death was clutching its victim. I have thought carefully over all phases of human life, and was being startled at the ten-tenths of all sickness and suffering is caused by carelessness and a failure to cure small symptoms before they grow into horrible diseases. I wish every man or woman who feels languid, nervous, has headaches, strange pains in various parts of the body, loss of appetite, debility, peculiar color or odor in the fluids (all of which indicate the beginning of Bright's disease of the kidneys), would know of the great remedy I have described. I wish I might talk with all such. If I could and should tell all I know about this remedy which I have seen accomplish such wonders I am sure there would be far less sickness, fewer untimely deaths and more long life and happiness.

DR. THEODORE R. VANDERVILLE.

MR. HUNT.

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Sunday-School Lesson.

For August 28th.

Piety without display.—Matt. vi. 1—15. Notes.—"Your righteousness."—This is a better reading than alms of the Old Version. It properly means any kind of righteousness or thanksgiving, prayer or fasting; but especially alms—and the word righteousness in Hebrew came to mean chiefly almsgiving.—"Thou doest alms."—The first specification under "righteousness."—"Sound not a trumpet."—This does not mean that the Pharisees actually did sound a trumpet before them when they were about to give alms, but that they made as much display as they could.—"They have received their reward."—It has already come in the notoriety they sought; and they need not expect any more from God.

"Let not thy left hand know."—Here is a strong expression to that about the trumpet. The left hand being nearest to the right hand, and its closest fellow, is chosen to show the unostentatious character to be observed.—"Shall recompense thee."—Openly."—The idea is not openly, but in future.

"In the corners of the streets."—It is now an extremely common thing to see such praying in the East.—"As the Gentiles do."—Here it is not the hypocrites of the Pharisees, but the heathen that are criticised. The heathen make long petitions over and over again.—"After this manner."—Not as the only form of prayer, but as an example of simplicity in approaching a Father and asking for truly desirable things.—"Hallowed be thy name."—The name implies the one named, and here the prayer is that God may be treated as reverently and obeyed as dutifully as he in his holiness requires.—"Thy kingdom come."—He had begun but had not fully come. Its completeness is in the future, until Christ's victory over the world should be complete.—"Our daily bread."—This is not a literal translation, but it gives the substantial idea. The word translated "daily" is an obscure one, and may mean for the coming day or necessary, or the spiritual food needed.—"Have forgiven."—Not forgive, in the sense of may, but have already forgiven, in accordance with the directions in the preceding lessons.—"Bring us not into temptation."—Especially where there would be such a trial as to endanger their faith.—"Deliver us from temptation."—"The evil one."—Without the ambiguous words "the evil" is neuter and means any evil, or masculine and means Satan, is much discussed. The idea is about the same.

Instruction.—A desire of praise in our good deeds, and a tendency to them for the sake of praise, forms one of the most subtle temptations. So Christ says: "Take heed." To avoid this danger we must watch very carefully against it, especially if our good deeds have to be public.

We have to be seen of men. We are bidden to be a city on a hill or a light on a stand that cannot be hid.

One reward is enough. Either man's praise or God's praise. Whichever we look for we can get. The question is which is the more valuable.

To pray and to say one's prayers are two different things. The latter can be done with no prayer. Children should be taught to say their prayers, and to pray at the same time.

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